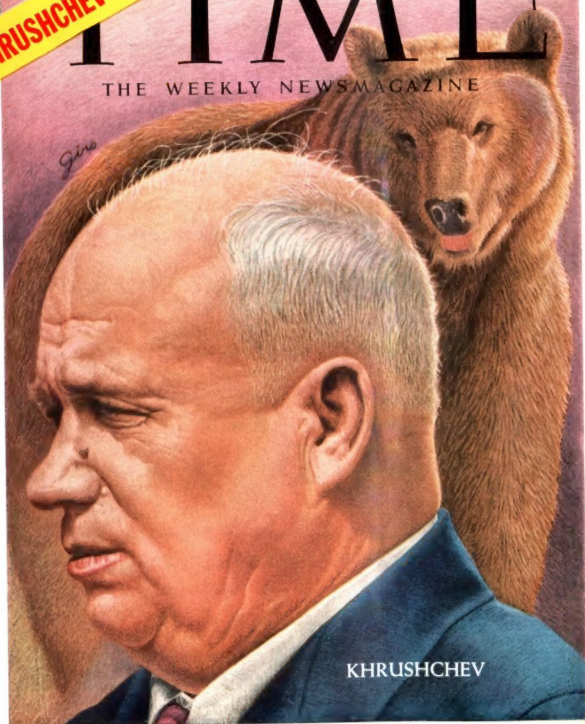


KHRUSHCHEV ATTACKS THE U.S.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



KHRUSHCHEV

\$7.00 A YEAR

VOL LXXV NO. 24

The IBM Electric: Its beauty is just a bonus





HOW SMART CAN YOU GET—
IT'S AMERICA'S LOWEST PRICED CONVERTIBLE

LOVE THAT **LARK**² BY STUDEBAKER

Nothing like it anywhere—garners glances wherever you go. Seats five in high style, lush luxury interiors, quality-built through and through. Zip and save with Super Economical Six or thrifty Lark V-8 (topped all other eights—two straight years now in Mobilgas Economy Run). Made to order for fun-loving families with fine convertible tastes and sedan pocketbooks. Invest in a visit to your Studebaker Dealer. Pick your Lark's delight from six stunning styles. **THE COMPACT WITHOUT COMPROMISE.**

The LARK for '60—available in 2 and 4-door sedans; 2 and 4-door station wagons; sporty hardtop and exclusive convertible. Choice of Six or V-8.

LIBERTY MUTUAL

the company that stands by you



TURNPIKE TERROR

But Liberty helps write happy ending for policyholder

A Liberty policyholder writes: "I wish . . . to express our sincerest thanks for the wonderful manner in which Liberty Mutual . . . handled the necessary details for a quick and equitable settlement of all claims.

"The promptness of action by you when you were first notified by my wife of the accident, coupled with the reassurances you gave my wife that all parties concerned would have their claims settled to their satisfaction, has been . . . a blessing. My full automobile

insurance coverage gave me a feeling of security that I know aided me in making a quick recovery of my injuries, because I knew that I wouldn't be burdened with many financial debts when I left the hospital."

Quick help is available 24 hours a day throughout the U.S. with Liberty's quality coverages. And the cost is low. Last year our automobile policyholders got back \$12,138,000 in dividends. To insure with Liberty Mutual, just get in touch with any of our 146 offices.

Get Liberty's
home insurance "package" at
initial savings of about 20%

Liberty Mutual Homeowners Insurance combines fire insurance with 16 other important coverages (windstorm, theft, explosion, personal liability, etc.). By buying this package policy, you save about 20% of what it would cost you to buy these coverages separately. In addition, savings of 15% in dividends were paid to our Homeowners Insurance policyholders last year.



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Personal Insurance: Automobile, Fire, Inland Marine, Burglary, Homeowners
Business Insurance: Workmen's Compensation, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Fleet, Crime



If it's a beverage... Hot or Cold... it's yours in seconds!

OASIS means quick refreshment

Enjoy **hardy** hot or crisp cold instant beverages in seconds . . . and cut coffee-break time 50% or more the year 'round with America's modern compact beverage center, the Oasis Hot 'n Cold 5PR-HC.

More than a water cooler, this Oasis model offers hot water for zesty instant coffee, chocolate or broths . . . cold water for thirst-quenching instant soft drinks . . . cold storage for several quarts, or 24 6-oz.

bottles . . . **plus** 48 cube ice service for any occasion.

Near work areas or in meeting rooms, an Oasis Hot 'n Cold ends going out, sending out, or coffee-making mess . . . boosts morale and saves valuable time.

Start saving today. Write for **free** booklet, "Modern Business Needs the Modern Coffee-Break", with facts on how to cut coffee-break costs and have everyone enjoy it.



OASIS **HOT 'N COLD** **WATER COOLERS**

and standard coolers in pressure and bottle models

Sold everywhere . . . rented in many areas.

Distributed in Canada by G. H. Wood & Company, Ltd.

THE EBCO MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 9-Q, Columbus 13, Ohio

Rush my free copy of "Modern Business Needs the Modern Coffee-Break."

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title _____

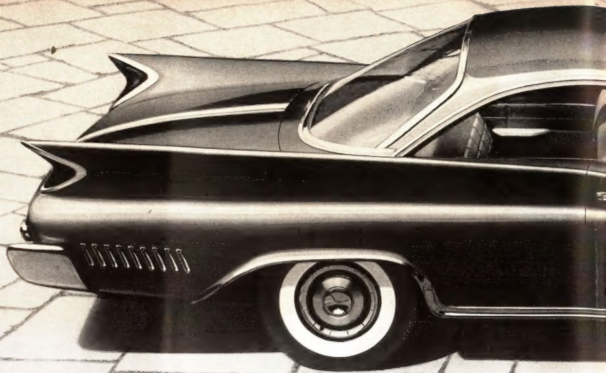
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street _____

city _____

zone _____

state _____



You're looking at styling

*From Chrysler Corporation for 1960:
styling with a purpose*



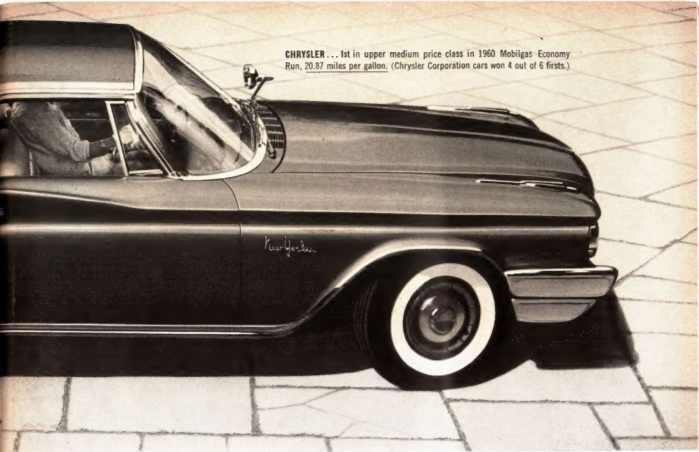
PLYMOUTH... 1st in 8-cyl. low price class, 22.88 miles per gallon, 1st in 6-cyl. low price class, 24.82 miles per gallon. (Chrysler Corporation cars won 5 out of 6 seconds, too.)

In this year's Mobilgas Economy Run, Chrysler Corporation cars took more first places (four out of six) and more second places (five out of six) than all other cars combined. And every one of these cars, from the compact Valiant to the luxurious Imperial, averaged better than 20 miles per gallon.

If economy like this appeals to you—and you don't want to give up styling, comfort, or performance to get it—then you owe yourself a drive in a 1960 car from Chrysler Corporation.



IMPERIAL... 1st in high price class, 20.50 miles per gallon. (Chrysler Corporation cars took 9 out of 12 possible first and second places.)



CHRYSLER... 1st in upper medium price class in 1960 Mobilgas Economy Run, 20.87 miles per gallon. (Chrysler Corporation cars won 4 out of 6 firsts.)

that goes easy on gas

See how famous Torsion-Aire Ride straightens out winding roads, and corners level as a sports car... see how much more secure you feel, surrounded by the silent strength of Unibody, the new and better way to build cars that puts the damper on squeaks and rattles. Both of these extra-value features are yours at no extra cost.

More style, more economy, *more car*—they go together in the 1960 cars from Chrysler Corporation. Let a drive bring out the difference great engineering makes. At your dealer's. Soon.

Chrysler Corporation cars win it big in the 1960 Mobilgas Economy Run			
Compact class	2nd Place—	VALIANT.....	27.29 MPG
6-cyl. low price class	1st Place—	PLYMOUTH.....	24.82 MPG
	2nd Place—	DODGE DART.....	24.74 MPG
	3rd Place—	PLYMOUTH.....	24.73 MPG
8-cyl. low price class	1st Place—	PLYMOUTH.....	22.88 MPG
	2nd Place—	PLYMOUTH.....	22.52 MPG
	3rd Place—	DODGE DART.....	22.28 MPG
Low medium price class	2nd Place—	DODGE.....	21.12 MPG
Upper medium price class	1st Place—	CHRYSLER New Yorker.....	20.87 MPG
	2nd Place—	DE SOTO.....	20.36 MPG
High price class	1st Place—	IMPERIAL.....	20.50 MPG

Pure automobile...The Quick, the Strong, and the Quiet ➤
from CHRYSLER CORPORATION

VALIANT • PLYMOUTH • DODGE DART • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

LETTERS

Rustling in Ivy

Sir: I am a senior at Wayland Academy in Beaver Dam, Wis. Having just been turned down at two and accepted at one of the Ivy League schools, I can attest to the validity of your May 23 article on college acceptance.

W. A. KNOBE JR.

Beaver Dam, Wis.

Sir: The Ivy colleges are in an even more difficult spot than you pointed out. Besides needing common magic to separate the Cream from the cream, they have to perform the arcane wizardry which separates those who really want an Ivy education (of which there still aren't enough) from those who just want Ivy.

LEWIS C. CADY '59

Brown University
Providence, R.I.

Sir: Chop the old college tie off of the book that is promoting this Ivy League claptrap and send him west of Pennsylvania for a few months. In this part of the country only the fainthearted who fear being turned down by Rice apply for admission to Harvard, Princeton or Yale.

TOM SCOTT

Amarillo, Texas

Sir: Your article quotes my father very accurately. However, his name is Louis H. Fritzmeier, not Fritz Meier. It is true, his colleagues call him Fritz, but I do not believe that TIME has the prerogative to be so familiar—you hardly know him!

MARY FRITZMEIER

Lawrence, Kans.

Sir: I was most disturbed by the remarks of one frustrated applicant whom you quoted as saying that Princeton is a "party school." Loyalty to Mother Princeton and a command of the facts compel me to set the record straight. I am a junior; I carry four courses each semester. Each requires about six hours of reading preparation each week. In addition, each upperclassman at Princeton is involved in independent work for his particular department. For this I read 22 books and numerous articles in periodicals. The paper I wrote was 15,000 words long, about average for my department.

Now, as to the "party" aspect of Princeton. Because Princeton Men do know how to have a good time when they get the chance, and because this is the only aspect of a Princeton Man's life that the public sees, we frequently get the undeserved reputation for being playboys.

Princeton is one of America's toughest academic institutions, but it is also one of the most rewarding. The concept of the highest intellectual attainments tempered with the humanizing influence of the social amenities is one which the university seeks to preserve as it prepares its sons for The Nation's Service.

RICHARD H. NELSON

Chairman, The Princeton Tiger

Princeton, N.J.

Sir: TIME reported that one Dave Hatcher said that he preferred Brown to Princeton, as he thought that Princeton is too much of a party school. We at Brown will not sit idle while aspersions are cast at our alma mater. While Brown certainly will give him a better

education, it should not go unsaid that if anyone in the Ivy League throws parties, Brown throws them bigger and better.

RICHARD R. WANDMACHER

Providence, R.I.

Down from the Summit

Sir: Searle's May 23 cover depicts Mr. K. as a tough piece of pork, but your story reveals him as he really is—a wild bore.

HELEN O'NEILL

Newbridge, Ireland

Sir: You missed the opportunity of being awarded a prize for publishing what I call the best representative shot of the year at the right moment: instead of using so many words in describing what went on in Paris, you should have blown up the picture: President Eisenhower's coat buttons on the



DEFEAT

wrong side, a lefthanded Garde Républicaine, and even Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville had his hair parted on the other side for the occasion.

Was it your intention to demonstrate this way that everything went wrong at the confrontation in Paris?

K. BERGEN

Lisbon

☐ The mirror-image of the Western Summit statesmen (*see cuts*) would have made sense to Alice, but it really embarrassed the Associated Press, which in haste reversed its radiophoto negative.—Ed.

Sir:

I cannot help but feel that Mr. K. must be an avid reader of TIME, was slighted in 1959, and is most determined to reappear on your Man of the Year cover come January 1961.

C. P. CURPHEY

Montreal

Sir:

Since the flight of the U-2, the U.S. Government is in much the same position as a wealthy unmarried patron of the church who suddenly finds herself pregnant—no one will publicly condemn her, but she won't hear the last of it for a long, long time.

JOE CONOVER

Seattle

Sir:

In Stevenson's speech right after the failure of the summit, he seemed to place the blame on the Republican Administration when he stated that no administration of that party will be able to get anywhere in negotiations. Is our election to please the people of the U.S., or Russia? Surely, the people of the U.S. will not be naive enough to elect a President of the United States on a recommendation from Russia.

EOLINE W. MCLEOD

Smith Center, Kans.

Sir:

The U.S. has only one true statesman to deal with our friends and enemies, and this statesman is Stevenson.

ELLIOTT F. PORTER

Los Angeles

Sir:

God deliver us from architects of appeasement such as Adlai Stevenson.

WILLIAM G. COURTNEY

La Mirada, Calif.



RIGHT

Associated Press

Iron Division

Sir:

Your May 30 story on Marshal Malinovsky quotes him as saying that after the Bolshevik revolution stranded his Russian division in France, "Our camp was encircled by Allied troops. The French tried to pacify us with artillery fire." Even from a Bolshevik, this is gamy fiction.

By chance, a number of us Americans serving in the French air force in World War I were at the aerial-gunnery school at Cazeaux, below Bordeaux, around Christmas 1917. A few miles away was the Russian internment camp of Le Courneau. This "Iron Division" became hostile, and dug trenches in their camp. To be on guard against mass gatherings or outbreaks, we student pilots at Cazeaux were sent on patrol over Le Courneau by day to report any signs of open trouble. No shots were fired.

There was no "artillery fire," no "encirclement." We flew low enough over the Russian warren to see their poor fellows wallowing like prairie dogs in the frozen ground or thawing mud. Far from trying to "pacify" these exiles, the French felt sorry for them.

GEORGE DOCK JR.

New York City

Koughless Concerts

Sir:

Re your May 23 article on Milton Katims, Seattle Symphony Orchestra conductor: the enthusiasm of our educated, dedicated, 4,400-



PARACELSUS—Stormy Petrel of Medicine—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

In the Renaissance laboratories of the Swiss-born Paracelsus (1493-1541) were produced many things: chemicals, complex medicines, medical writings, mysticism, and abusive attacks upon medical colleagues, religionists, and politicians. A controversial figure, he was forced to move frequently and travel widely. His contributions, however, were important. He helped guide medical men away from the mistakes of Galen and Avicenna; directed their thoughts toward rational research; and advocated the use of pure chemicals in medical practice.

While crude by our modern standards, Paracelsus' efforts pointed the way toward today's highly advanced and diversified development of pure drug

products for medicinal use. The superstitions and speculations of the Renaissance have been replaced by science in medical practice today.

For nearly ten decades, Parke-Davis has diligently sought to discover new and better medicines, both in nature and in the creation of new compounds in its research laboratories. This patient, costly, and time-consuming research has led to some of the finest therapeutic agents available to modern medicine. Through its development, testing, manufacturing, and distribution facilities, Parke-Davis has made these life-giving, life-saving medicines available for physicians to prescribe throughout the world.

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PARKE-DAVIS

... Pioneers in better medicines



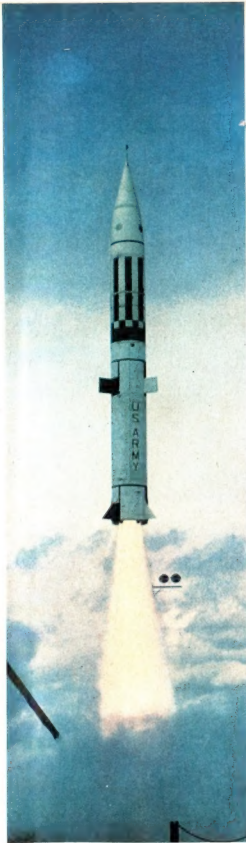
Navy & Air Force Bullpup



Air Force Mace



Army Lacrosse



Army Pershing



Air Force Titan

*At 00:00:01 GMT,
June 1, 1960,
Martin logged its
557,544,000th mile
of space flight*

*Five major U.S. missiles developed
and built by Martin*

MARTIN

strong season ticket holders is the most important part of our symphony picture. One doesn't even hear a cough when our symphony plays its regular series. Truth, however, compels me to add that a few of the less musically initiated have perhaps been transported into a euphoric state by a gift of Katims' Concert Kough Drops—available in the lobby of our concert hall before each performance.

J. HANS LEHMANN, M.D.
Member

Seattle Symphony Board
Seattle

The Ungreasy Porpoise

Sir: Read your May 23 article on the *Frank Sinatra Times* Show and agreed with every word. All I've heard since Elvis Presley came home from Germany is how he's bigger than ever. All I can say is that when they had one of his movies here last week most of the teen-agers sat and laughed. I am, by the way, 17 years old and I laughed too.

CAROL BRISCOE

Wenatchee, Wash.

Sir: You are so prejudiced against Elvis Presley. I am over 45 but wouldn't want to live to be as old as you must be.

MRS. KENNETH MEYER

Los Angeles

☐ We're 37, plus a few issues.—Ed.

Sir: The commercial for the *Frank Sinatra Times* Show was taped at Marine Studios, Marineland, Fla. and not Miami Beach as stated in your magazine. Our purposes are educated and well-behaved and, furthermore, not at all greasy.

ANDRÉ COWAN

Trainer

St. Augustine, Fla.

The Teacher

Sir: The day before I received TIME this week, I was listening to old South High (Denver) grad, Gene Arnold, reading a copy over his radio station, KDEN. I was deeply moved to hear the May 23 story about South's creative-writing and English teacher, Harold Keables. Your description was so lifelike that I felt myself transported back over 13 years. His teaching has instilled a lifelong self-criticism of every word I write with the exception of my grocery list. I am torn between adding to the well-deserved tributes you will surely receive from Mr. Keables' former students and the fear that this letter will be published containing some terrible grammatical error.

WILLA BEE ROBBINS HOLMES ('47)
Aurora, Colo.

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Advertising Correspondence should be addressed to:

Christ and Apollo

Sir:

I write to thank TIME for the fine review of my book *Christ and Apollo* that appeared in the May 23 issue. Naturally my friends were happy about the review (as I was), and there have been many who remarked on the competence, the taste and the ability of the reviewer.

WILLIAM F. LYNCH, S.J.

Washington

Sir:

Jesuit William Lynch in his book *Christ and Apollo* illustrates the perpetual tug of war within Christianity between the Old Testament and the New. When he stresses the importance of facing up to the world—he is following the message of the prophets of Israel to whom justice on earth was the way of God. When he derides "do-it-yourself" salvation, however, he is grinding the theological ax of faith v. works, which marks the dividing point between Judaism and Christianity.

For the former, society, law, the human body and the world, are all prerequisites to salvation—with the grace of God serving as background and goal. For the latter, grace becomes a short cut to salvation, circumventing law, social justice and works. For Christianity, the Kingdom is around the corner. For Judaism, the Kingdom is in the "end of days."

In the interim, Judaism believes in taking one world at a time.

RABBI JACOB CHINITZ

Philadelphia

Hum? Ho

Sir:

I am familiar with Hilda Hvams' "hum" down to the last m-m-m. But it seems it is a peculiar to "the drowsy county of Kent" in England (May 23). We live within "humming" distance of the berth-place of the atomic submarines and I have taken for granted the nocturnal hummines in the area for six years.

I was pleased, however, to know that the hum is universal and not just a product of my New England neighborhood. Misery loves company.

MRS. ROBERT ZABARSKY

New London, Conn.

Always Time Like the Present

Sir:

HERE WILL NEVER BE A BETTER TIME THAN THE PRESENT FOR YOU TO TELL THE AMERICAN PEOPLE THE FULL STORY OF THE SITUATION IN THE U. S. TODAY.

JOHN F. ENGELKE

EVANSTON, ILL.

☐ Just keep subscribing.—Ed.

CLARK
EQUIPMENT

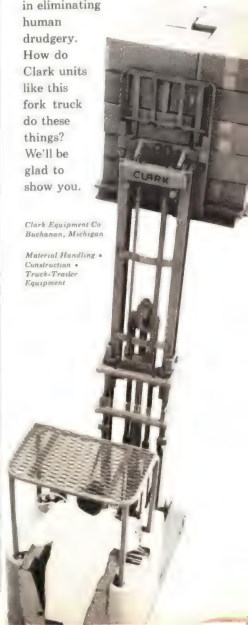
Mobility

A way to speed distribution and protect profits

Moving material costs money — more than most of us realize. Speed it up—put Mobility to work—and you profit. Your saving may be in reducing the waste between steps of manufacture. It may be in reclaiming air rights in storage areas. It may be in eliminating human drudgery. How do Clark units like this fork truck do these things? We'll be glad to show you.

Clark Equipment Co.
Buckhannon, Michigan

Material Handling •
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Heartbeat in his pocket



One of the newest wonders of medical electronics lets many once-bedridden heart patients lead near normal lives. It's the artificial pacemaker, a pocket-size device that is wired to the heart. Powered by tiny Mallory Mercury Batteries—which deliver steady, dependable current for months on end—artificial pacemakers transmit electrical impulses at a normal pulse rate directly to the patient's heart to preserve steady beating of the defective organ.

Soon artificial pacemakers powered by Mallory Mercury Batteries with a five-year life will be permanently implanted in the body. On another medical front, encapsulated Mallory batteries help transmit valuable research data from within the bodies of cancer patients.

Mercury Batteries, pioneered by Mallory, are the most important advance in dry cells in over eighty years. They help make possible such new electronic products as transistor radios . . . hearing aids . . . satellite transmitters . . . radiation-detecting equipment . . . even depth-finders for locating fishing holes. They are part of a growing family of battery systems created by Mallory for the electronic age.



Expressway without a traffic jam



It's 218,000 miles long and it didn't cost you a cent in taxes. With only *two* sets of track, a *railroad* expressway can handle the traffic of *twenty* four-lane highways built with public funds.

Truck trailers in ever-increasing numbers are deserting crowded highways for this steel expressway. More and more, standardized vans and containers interchangeable with other forms of transport are riding the rails "piggyback"...bringing you the things you need, the things you buy.

Piggyback is a spectacularly successful example of the forward thinking on the railroads today. This is railroad progress that benefits everyone—for we'll need railroads more than ever in the boom years ahead.

That's why an enlightened public policy, giving railroads equal opportunity with competing forms of transportation, is in everyone's interest. America's railroads—the lifeline of the nation—are the main line to *your* future.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

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HERTZ seems to be
 right next door!”



**Hertz has conveniently located
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HERTZ puts you in the driver's seat!

Charge-Here Station: Use your HERTZ-AUTOmatic Charge Card, Air Travel, Rail Travel, American Express, Hilton Carte Blanche, Diners' Club, or other accredited charge card.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

**is helping to create the
world-wide communications
and tracking network for
America's first man into space**

Another epoch-making space communications assignment was recently given to the Bell System.

Because of our experience in this field, we have been asked to set up a communication, telemetry and tracking network which will girdle the globe and maintain contact for Project Mercury—America's effort to put a man into orbit.

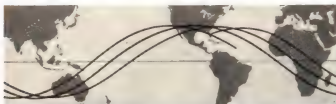
Western Electric, the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, heads an industrial team which will design and build this network for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

In all, 18 stations around the world are being constructed for the network, using existing radar and communication facilities where possible. The network's mission: to track and monitor the flight of the space capsule, transmit signals to its operating instruments, and provide a dependable voice channel between the astronaut and his colleagues on earth.

Creating communications systems for the space era which are as reliable as man can make them is familiar work for the Bell System. It's a natural development of the telephone system which serves you so well today, and will serve you still better in the future.



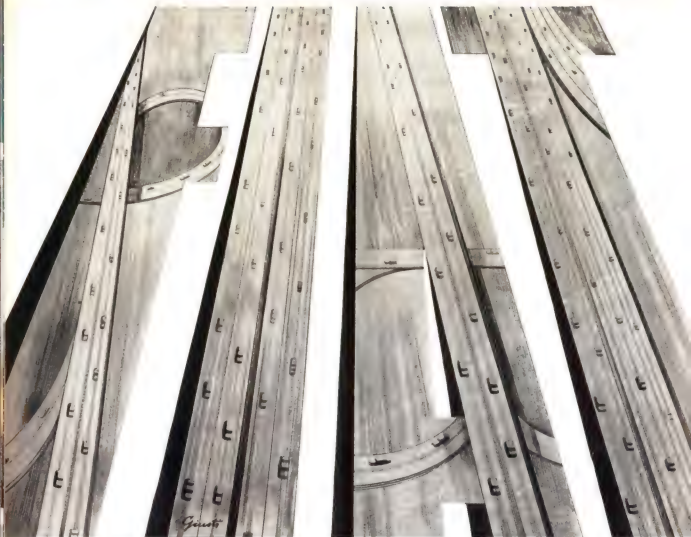
An artist's conception of the astronaut's capsule in orbit



Black lines represent expected orbits of the astronaut's capsule. Project Mercury ground stations will be close to the orbital path

**BELL TELEPHONE
SYSTEM**





TRUE TO ITS HERITAGE—WELL-BRED TO ITS CORE. This frisky Fiat looks like a proud aristocrat. It should. Its predecessors were Europe's finest motor cars, crafted with rare skill for 60 years. Cosmopolitan styling. Velvet power that melts miles and triumphs over traffic. Discriminating pocketbooks like its economy—the pleasant side of the coin of quality. 18 models, 6 series—sedans, sportcars, station wagons. Series 500 gives up to 53 mpg. Suggested price: \$1098 p.o.e., New York, plus \$25 make-ready charge. Shown: Series 600 sedan—\$1398, suggested price p.o.e., New York, plus \$25 make-ready charge. See your dealer. Or write or phone Fiat Motor Company, Inc., 500 Fifth Ave., New York 36. Longacre 5-7034 . . . In Canada: Fiat Motors of Canada Limited, 321 Bloor Street East, Toronto 5, Ontario . . . **FIAT** European Delivery; for sales or rentals see Fiat Motor Co., Inc., Overseas Assistance at address above, your Fiat dealer or travel agent.





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Only Connecticut General offers your company group insurance or pension programs with the exclusive technique of **B.E.U.**—Better Employee Understanding—the proven service that helps you keep valued employees.

B.E.U. is a step-by-step program that enables your employees to evaluate regularly the important group benefits that you provide. Through the **B.E.U.** technique,

you can thus develop among employees a new appreciation of your stature as an employer. Result: valued people are encouraged to stay with you.

B.E.U. can also help you to increase productivity—and can make recruiting easier. Discover the advantages of **B.E.U.**, the exclusive technique offered by Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.





Nothing cooler than a *Fitz' Mist* ...

Nothing easier to make...

Nothing more memorable than
the flavor and bouquet of the one and only

OLD FITZGERALD

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

ONE way for a newsmagazine to judge how well it does its job is through the response it evokes in the letters from its readers—some thoughtful, some witty, some angry, yet each one informative to the editors as a measure of reader interest. By that gauge, 1960 is a bumper year for TIME. For the first five months of the year, TIME's letters have reached an alltime high—20,153, for a 40% increase over the same period last year. Letters on National Affairs, which always comprise the bulk of the mail, are up 45%; the Foreign News section has drawn 75% more letters than in 1959; and the surge of interest continues through the magazine with Education alone drawing nearly three times the letters it did last year.

For some of the stories in this week's issue that might keep TIME's letter-answering staff busy, turn to:

National Affairs, which analyzes Nikita Khrushchev's spectacle of vilification in Sverdlov Hall and what effect it has had on himself, the world and the presidential campaigns of both Republicans and Democrats.

Foreign News, which describes the Kremlin's "new" disarmament plan, gives a brief glimpse of the Soviet general picked by Khrushchev to rattle rockets at Russia's near neighbors, and describes the death and remarkable funeral of Novelist Boris Pasternak, who finally won peace from the vituperation of his government.

Science, which follows the fiery trail of last week's cover story on space satellites with a penetrating look at the rocket re-entry problem, illustrated by five pages of color photographs, including the first shot of an ICBM nose cone streaking through the dense lower atmosphere.

Sport, which told about the kid-studded, American League-leading Baltimore Orioles last week, now turns to the National League-leading Pittsburgh Pirates, whose manager, Danny Murtaugh, must cope with a grab bag of wildly assorted talents and temperaments.

Religion, which tells the news of Africa, where missionaries from Dr. Livingstone on have hopefully striven to spread Christianity, but where the "white man's faith" is now facing unprecedented opposition from nationalism, from Islam, from witches and ancestor worshippers, and from the self-styled Messiahs of Christian splinter sects.

Show Business, which moves among the dark marquees of Broadway, dark for the first time since the actors' strike of 41 years ago, where stars and bit-players alike are doing all their acting at union meetings.

Business, which after querying travel agents and knowing TIME correspondents in every major country of Europe, presents an intimate compendium of prices and *pouvoirs*, foods and festivals, hotels and hot spots for the summer of 1960.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE COLD WAR

Calculated Thrust

[See Cover]

O. Sir, what did you think of Mr. Khrushchev?

A. Well, he is a dynamic and arresting personality. He is a man that uses every possible debating method available to him. He is capable of great flights [from a] negative, difficult attitude to the most easy, affable, genial type of discussion.

—President Eisenhower, last Sept. 28, just after Khrushchev's U.S. visit.

Chunky Nikita Khrushchev took off on one of his "great flights" last week, swooping down to attack the President of the U.S. on a level of invective without precedent even in cold-war diplomacy. The attack was no vodka-party indiscretion, no impulsive reaction to provocation, but a premeditated assault, carried out in front of 400 Russian and foreign newsmen at a Khrushchev press conference in the Kremlin's domed Sverdlov Hall.* With Communist newsmen serving as a clique, Khrushchev's sallies drew such loud laughter that a listener outside the door of Sverdlov Hall might have thought some great Russian comedian was holding forth inside. The official Tass transcript was sprinkled with such notations as [Gay animation in the hall] and [Laughter in the hall]. But to Western ears the performance was far from funny.

Shudder at the Summit. In his tirade, Khrushchev portrayed President Eisenhower as "spineless," incompetent and dishonest. "When he is no longer President, and if he chooses to work in our country, we could give him a job as a director of a children's home—I am sure he would not harm the children. But it is dangerous for a man like this to run a nation. I say so because I know him. I saw the way he behaved at the Geneva summit conference in 1955, and I felt sorry for him."

Whenever the President had to speak up at the Geneva conference, as Khrushchev told it, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, who was seated at Ike's right, would hand him a note telling him

what to say. "The President should at least, for the sake of appearances, have turned aside and glanced through the note before reading it to the meeting. But instead, he would just take it and read it off. We could not help wondering comrades and gentlemen, who was running the country. Such a President can make God knows what kind of decisions: and the United States is an enormous and powerful country. One shuddered at the thought of what a great force was in such hands."

Khrushchev sneered at the President of the U.S. for playing golf while the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was holding hearings on the U-2 incident. He said that "Eisenhower's presidency is a time of confusion for the U.S. and for

the rest of the world." [Animation in the hall, prolonged applause.]

Tossing a bombshell designed to impugn the President's integrity and spread distrust of him in West Germany, Khrushchev charged that the President's professed desire to see Germany reunited is insincere. Actually, said Khrushchev, the President told him that "the U.S. is afraid of building up Germany." The bomb fizzled: West Germans scoffed at the accusation, and the White House speedily denied it.

"Strange & Incomprehensible." One widespread Western response to Khrushchev's attack on the President was to wonder whether Nikita was "going nuts," as the New York *Daily News* bluntly put it. "On this assumption," wrote the

KHRUSHCHEV AT NEWS CONFERENCE IN KREMLIN'S SVERDLOV HALL

Edmund Stevens



* Named for Jacob Sverdlov, a leader of 1917's Red Revolution, credited in Soviet history books with having ordered the execution of Czar Nicholas II and his family at Ekaterinburg, later renamed Sverdlovsk (where Pilot Francis Powers' U-2 went down on May 1).



"PLAYING PATIENCE"

New York Times's Arthur Krock, "the West must be prepared to protect itself from the very special menace of a deranged operator of a destructive military machine."

Khrushchev may perhaps be walking down a path that leads eventually to madness, but he is not a madman now, any more than he is the bumbling buffoon that the West first imagined him to be when it observed him on his hamming, hard-drinking trips abroad in 1954-57 with then-Premier Nikolai Bulganin.

Nikita Khrushchev is a man who came to power in the Stalinist school, who has dispatched his enemies with relentless political cunning and pressed the harsh realities of Soviet foreign policy from Berlin to Hungary, with tanks and troops. Viewed in the light of his aims, methods and past behavior, Khrushchev's outburst was a calculated tactical thrust that fitted into a sinister pattern of alternating promises and punches. Purpose behind the pattern: to destroy U.S. prestige around the globe by stirring doubt and divisions within the U.S., by straining the bonds between the U.S. and its allies, and by making a grandstand play to public opinion in the vast areas of Latin America, Asia and Africa and thus encourage the overthrow of pro-Western political leaders.

Communists, said Lenin in 1919, must be prepared to "make very frequent changes in our line of conduct which to the casual observer may appear strange and incomprehensible." Communists continue to follow the Leninist doctrine of "very frequent changes" to create confusion and disunity among their enemies—and Nikita Khrushchev is a seasoned practitioner of the art. The "great flights" of attitude that President Eisenhower noted in him spring not just from an erratic personality, as is often thought, but from Communist tactics. It was in keeping with Leninist tactics that, following his threat-shouting, table-pounding press conference in Paris, he flew on to East Berlin and, as the reasonable man of peace, soberly told East German Reds that he was going to let the Berlin situation "ripen" for six or eight months—until after the U.S. presidential election.

Stage Thunder. It was in keeping, too, that last week's display began with a tough-toned warning by Marshal Rodion

Malinovsky, the Defense Minister who accompanied Khrushchev to the summit. Malinovsky had issued a new order to Soviet rocket forces: if any foreign plane flies across the border of Russia or any other Communist country, strike at the base the plane flew from. "We do not trust the imperialists!" he cried in a speech at the Kremlin. "We are convinced that they are only waiting for an opportunity to attack."

Malinovsky's rumblings failed to frighten U.S. allies. The Bonn *General-Anzeiger* dismissed them as "routine stage thunder." The *Pakistan Times* denounced Soviet "brinkmanship" (a term that the U.S. press tied to the late John Foster Dulles, seldom applies to Brinkman Khrushchev), added that Pakistan "cannot be thrown into a state of perplexity by threats from any quarter, or allow its power of decision to be paralyzed by bluster."

After the Malinovsky scowl came a Khrushchev smile of sorts. In a clumsy effort to foster division within the U.S., Khrushchev sent a conciliatory message to four top U.S. Democrats—Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, House Speaker Sam Rayburn, Chairman William Fulbright of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and Adlai Stevenson—who had urged him to reconsider his insistence that no summit conference could be held until after the 1960 presidential election. Said Khrushchev in his reply: he regrets that President Eisenhower "wrecked" the summit conference, and he knows that the Administration's "doctrine of aggression and provocation" is "not in line with the great democratic traditions of the American nation, traditions of Washington and Jefferson, Lincoln and Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Price in Blood. Then came another smile, in the form of a sweeping Khrushchev disarmament plan that was at once a seeming concession to the Western demand for inspection and at the same time an unacceptable demand for the dismantling of deterrent strength before inspection could begin (see FOREIGN NEWS). Khrushchev called his press conference in Sverdlov Hall for the announced purpose of explaining his disarmament plan, but in his very first reply to a question, the scowl reappeared. Asked to explain Marshal Ma-

linovsky's warning, Khrushchev said that it was to be taken "literally."

To make sure U.S. allies got the point, Khrushchev hammered hard at it: "This should especially give food for thought to the leaders of those countries which surround the Soviet Union and where there are American bases. If these bases are used by the Americans against us, the Soviet Union will hit at the bases." [Applause.] The U.S.'s promise that it would stand behind its allies if Russia hits at the bases, Khrushchev went on, was like saying, "Don't be afraid; we will attend your funeral when you have been smashed." [Animation.] Furthermore, Khrushchev added, the commander of Soviet rocket forces, Marshal Mitrofan Nedelin, has authority to use nuclear warheads in striking at U.S. airbases. But in answer to a later question, he was conveniently vague as to who had the authority to order an attack.

Pounding away in his campaign to frighten U.S. allies into denying airbases to the U.S.—a prime and constant aim of Soviet policy—Khrushchev kept rephrasing the rocket warning in replies to later press conference questions. Nations where U.S. bases are located would suffer the "first blow" in any hot war, would "pay the price in blood," he blustered. "To put the matter in a nutshell, we have a general staff, and they have the locations of these bases marked with circles."

Between bursts of rocket rattling and blasts at the President of the U.S., Nikita Khrushchev

Ⓢ Rapped Secretary of State Christian Herter. Under Secretary Douglas Dilloo. Vice President Richard Nixon and Central Intelligence Agency Director Allen Dulles as warmongers. Nixon was singled out in *Pravda* next day for special denunciation as a "hypocrite," "demagogue" and "hysterical adventurer."



"THE ENTERTAINER"



Planners—Baltimore Sun
"WE HAVE TO START ALL OVER AGAIN"

¶ Denounced West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer as "one who has gone off his nut." [Laughter in the hall, applause.] Adenauer's reasoning, said Khrushchev, must run: "I have lived for 84 years. I have one foot in the grave, and after me let there be the deluge." He ought to be "placed in a straitjacket and taken to the lunatic asylum."

¶ Waded jowly into the U.S. election campaign (see following story) to nominate Nixon as the "best candidate" because he knew that a Soviet blessing could be the kiss of death. But whether the next U.S. President "will be Nixon or, as the Russians say, the devil himself, is just the same to us." More grimly, he said that there "will be a lesson for other politicians of the U.S. as well as for U.S. allies" in the U-2 fiasco.

¶ Warned that if the West does not agree to a summit meeting in six or eight months, Russia would go ahead and sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany. "We want to sign a peace treaty and put out the cinders, which are still glowing." Under the treaty, he added, throwing out a tough threat, "access to Berlin by air, water and land without the permission of the [East German government] will cease"—a condition that the West has held totally unacceptable.

¶ Attempted to sow further division among the Western allies by saying that if Britain and France had the "courage" to tell the truth, they would admit that they do not really want to see Germany reunited, and that they disapproved of the U.S.'s U-2 flights.

"I call on all honest people," said Khrushchev genially. "Let us pool our efforts to oppose the aggressors who are set against peaceful coexistence and are provoking a cold war so that it will turn into a hot war. If we pool our efforts, peace will be ensured."

The same day, the official news agency Tass announced that Khrushchev had accepted an invitation from Dictator Fidel Castro to visit Cuba at some still undecided future time. That announcement was evidence that Khrushchev meant to pursue the troubling Latin American

policy he signaled in his Paris press conference after the collapse of the summit meeting: "We are happy to hear the pulse of Latin America's struggle for independence against American imperialism. The welcome accorded to Nixon in Latin America was certainly an omen. And I welcome the events in Cuba, where the people proudly and courageously rose up under the banner of the struggle for independence. I am convinced that other Latin American countries will also rise up."

Symbol of Good Will. Central to what Khrushchev was trying to accomplish in the week's whirl of clenched fists and clownish grins, rattling rockets and flittering peace doves, was his assault on President Eisenhower. In part, Khrushchev's attack was read as an outburst of pique and frustration. During the thaw Khrushchev staked his prestige on his mistaken notion that he could take Ike into camp negotiate with him some kind of U.S. retreat from Berlin (Ike had once called the Berlin situation "abnormal"). The U.S.'s determination to stand firm in Berlin, made evident in tough speeches by Secretary of State Herter. Under Secretary Dillon and the President himself, jolted that conviction.

Then Pilot Francis Powers was brought down over Sverdlovsk, and the revelation that for four years U-2s had been flying over Russia with impunity left, in the words of a State Department official, an "indelible impression of Soviet vulnerability." The failure to win over the President, plus Ike's outspoken defense of the U-2 flights, probably hurt Khrushchev seriously in the eyes of his own people, hurt his position in the Communist bloc as well. (During the U-2 uproar, China's Mao Tse-tung noted caustically: "This ought to convince those naive enough

to put their trust in imperialists.") Asked by the New York *Herald Tribune's* intrepid Moscow correspondent Tom Lambert to explain what he had meant by saying in Paris that his "attitude on the U-2 flight was due in some measure to the domestic political situation in the U.S.S.R.," Khrushchev denied that he had ever made any such remark. "I simply do not understand the question, and it is therefore difficult for me to answer it. What has our domestic situation to do with the flight of the U-2?" Khrushchev did not take the occasion to laugh off the idea of internal political trouble.

Whatever the reason, the attack on Ike was a premeditated cold-war thrust, designed to weaken the U.S.'s prestige and influence in the world by weakening the prestige of Dwight Eisenhower. Russian leaders are well aware that for many millions of people Dwight Eisenhower is a symbol of the U.S. and of its peaceableness and good will in its dealings with other nations—as shown by the movingly warm receptions he got on his December trip to Europe, Asia, the Middle East and Africa, and his February-March trip to Latin America.

Perhaps the most important reason why Khrushchev withdrew his invitation to Dwight Eisenhower to visit Russia was a fear that in Russia, too, the people would enthusiastically respond to him as a symbol of the U.S. Last week, with the President preparing for a mid-June trip to the Philippines, Formosa, Japan and South Korea, Khrushchev worked desperately to discredit the symbol. *Pravda* followed up with a warning that it would do Ike "no good" to go to Japan.

An Insult to All. Because Communist chieftains are so eager to see division in the West, they tend to overestimate both



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"WHAT MAKES HIM THINK HE'LL BE THERE?"

the width of the fissures they detect and their ability to widen them with ploys, threats and propaganda. Crude Communist efforts to stir division within the U.S. or between the U.S. and its allies often have the opposite effect of fostering a more determined unity. Inevitably, Khrushchev's attack on President Eisenhower rebounded.

At first the White House refused to comment on the attack, but the President did not have to reply: congressional Democrats promptly did that for him. "No man can insult the President of the United States without insulting the American people," said Georgia's Senator Richard Russell. "An insult to all of us," echoed

At week's end Secretary Herter broke the Administration's official two weeks' silence to directly answer the personal attacks on the President: "All America. I am sure, shares the disgust I feel at the ill-tempered attacks emanating from Mr. Khrushchev. It is understandable that Mr. Khrushchev, in seeking to divest himself of the responsibility for the destruction of the Paris summit conference, should seek to confuse the issue. This, however, does not excuse his personal attempts at vilification."

Battered Illusions. Even after Nikita Khrushchev dynamited the summit meeting, many men in the free world still cherished hopes that some kind of "relaxation

POLITICS

The New Campaign

As the Washington Teletypes blurted out the bulletins from Moscow, each new outburst of Nikita Khrushchev was brought immediately to the desk of Republican National Chairman Thruston Morton. Pondering the cables, Morton came to the tentative conclusion that the Soviet dictator's tirades against President Eisenhower had improved the chances of the G.O.P. "Khrushchev has no friends in this country," he said. "It doesn't hurt to have him attack you." The Democrats agreed. Said Louisiana's Senator Russell Long: "I'm going to declare war on Khrushchev if he doesn't say the same thing about Lyndon Johnson."

The cold air mass from the Soviet created an entirely new atmosphere in U.S. political life. Most of the issues which, until May Day, had dominated the 1960 presidential campaign—religion, farm policy, old-age medical aid—were all but frozen as dead as the greenbacks and "Blue Eagles" of yesteryear. The only issue that seemed to matter was foreign policy, and the central figure in the political campaign, like it or not, was Khrushchev. The Red boss himself joked that he could defeat a U.S. candidate simply by endorsing him. That being the case, he said, "The best candidate is Nixon."

Republicans. For the moment, at least, Khrushchev's crude belaboring of the Vice President was helping him. The U.S. public's clearest image of Richard Nixon is of an intense, fire-waving man arguing with Nikita Khrushchev in the kitchen of the U.S. exhibit at Moscow's Sokolniki Park in the summer of 1959; his Gallup poll soared on his return from Moscow—after which, predictably, it dropped. Almost as clear is the image of a man inextricably identified with Eisenhower's foreign policy—a picture which caused Nixon's friends to miss a few heartbeats in the post-summit days when the story unfolded of the Administration's bumbling on the U-2 spy plane episode. "If Ike flubs foreign policy, Nixon goes down," said a top Republican. With this in mind, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller was standing by, just in case public opinion should swing against Ike and Nixon, and the Republicans should need an unencumbered candidate. But a post-summit Gallup poll of the President's popularity showed that a near-record 68% of the public thought Ike was doing well.

Democrats. Because Khrushchev's virulent attacks on the President were interpreted as insults to the nation, Democrats found it increasingly tricky to fault the Administration. Events moved so swiftly that a candidate had to take care with every word, lest a critical statement made in one context bounce back to bruise him in another—as Jack Kennedy discovered. Still the Democratic pace-maker, Kennedy was beginning to regret a remark tossed off in Oregon right after the summit blowup, to the effect that the President might have saved the summit had he apologized to Khrushchev for the



Howard Sochurek—LIFE

KHRUSHCHEV & NIXON IN MOSCOW "KITCHEN" DEBATE (JULY 1959)

The old issues were as dead as greenbacks and "Blue Eagles."

Tennessee's Senator Albert Gore. "New heights of vituperation," rumbled Texas' Lyndon Johnson. "It is necessary to go back to the days of Adolf Hitler to find a parallel." Oregon's Republican-baiting ex-Republican Wayne Morse stood up on the Senate floor and said he wanted to associate himself with Majority Leader Johnson's "statesmanlike statement."

Abroad, too, Khrushchev's blast stirred sympathy for the President, disgust at the Premier. A *Paris-Jour* columnist called Khrushchev's attack "calculated hysteria." Said the London *Daily Telegraph*: "More mud of this kind sticks to the thrower's hand than to the victim's face." In a speech to a Republican gathering at Bear Mountain, N.Y., Dwight Eisenhower said that Khrushchev's "ill-tempered expressions" had brought the Western allies closer together than at any time during his presidency. Next day, at the Notre Dame commencement exercises, the President added pensively but pointedly: "The enemies of human dignity lurk in a thousand places—in governments that have become spiritual wastelands, and in leaders that brandish angry epithets, slogans and satellites."

of tensions" could be worked out with him. For them, his ranting attack on the President of the U.S. came as a shock and a heavy disappointment. The loss of precious illusions is always painful—even illusions already battered by reality. But Khrushchev's attack can count as a net gain for the free people of the world if it enables the West to shake off clinging illusions about him.

At first the West mistakenly dismissed Khrushchev as a bumbling boozier, and then it mistakenly accepted him as a reasonable fellow, flawed by such personal foibles as a quick temper and coarse vocabulary, but essentially a man of peace at heart. Along with that image of Khrushchev went the timid notions that the U.S. must deal gently with him for fear of fostering a resurgence of Stalinism, and that the aim of U.S. foreign policy is to achieve "relaxation"—rather than a world of freedom, justice and order. It would, indeed, be a fortunate irony if, in trying to destroy the world image of Dwight Eisenhower, Khrushchev instead destroyed the Western image of Nikita Khrushchev as a bad-tempered good guy.

U-2 incident. Rolling wearily into Denver one night last week, Kennedy was met at the airport by a teen-aged girl with a Kennedy-for-President placard and a perplexed expression on her face. "Why," she asked, "did you say that President Eisenhower should apologize to Khrushchev?" Startled, Kennedy muttered that he had not meant that the U.S. should "apologize," only that it should have expressed "diplomatic regrets." Jack Kennedy was on the defensive.

Lyndon Johnson swung into the offensive. On his own delegate-hunting safari through the West, he won the loudest applause by booming out: "Would you apologize to Khrushchev?" Invariably, the audiences boomed back: "No!" Back in Washington, L.B.J. studied the Moscow cables as carefully as the G.O.P.'s Thurston Morton had—and made fast political capital of them. Shortly after Khrushchev's latest blast, Johnson took to the Senate floor. "Premier Khrushchev has launched a verbal attack upon our President which reached new heights of vituperation," he cried. "The incident underscores the fact that the nation has a pressing need for unity. None of us, Democrat or Republican, is going to knuckle under to arrogance."

As for still-hopeful Stuart Symington, he turned once again to his routine more-defense-spending speech, but drew only polite applause on the Democratic dinner circuit. One reason was that the Symington personality has not registered on the public with any impact during his presidential campaign. Another: the flights of the U-2 showed U.S. military to be mightier—and Russia weaker—than defense critics had anticipated.

On a Limb. In the fast-changing political climate, Adlai Stevenson was the Democrat who seemed farthest out on a limb. The first to attack the Administration for its international blunders (he spoke out even before Ike had returned from the exploded summit), Stevenson had followed through with the harshest, most persistent criticism. "The effectiveness for leadership of the present Administration in Washington has been impaired if not destroyed," he told the Textile Workers convention in Chicago. "We must make it plain that peace and disarmament are the paramount goals of our foreign policy. . . . Why was total disarmament proposed last fall by Khrushchev and not the President of the U.S.?" He also had soft words for the Kremlin's newest version of its old disarmament proposal, saying: "I'm far more interested in Khrushchev's positive proposals than whether he's taking a soft or hard line at the moment." Then Stevenson read the afternoon headlines and quickly retreated: "Khrushchev's reckless intemperance chills the hope for progress."

Nikita Khrushchev had altered the whole tone and temper of the political campaign. "National security will be the major issue," said Democratic Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson of Washington. "The public is going to expect a hard, tough line."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Bureaucracy & the U-2

In the heavily censored transcript of the secret Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on the U-2 incident and summit failure, the U.S. last week found some more answers to some lingering public questions.

Q. Did anyone question whether the U-2 flights ought to be discontinued just before the summit meeting?

A. No, said Defense Secretary Thomas Gates. In April, a Central Intelligence Agency man briefed him on the program of flights, but nothing was said at that time, or during any subsequent conversa-

"publicity." Two days after Khrushchev's gloating announcement that Russians had captured U-2 Pilot Francis Gary Powers, Secretary of State Christian Herter contradicted the weather-flight story, owned up to U.S. espionage, but announced that Washington authorities had had no knowledge of the flights.

Q. Did anyone consider the perils that would result if the U.S. were caught in the lie?

A. Yes, said Gates. When the news first broke, he advised the President that if Khrushchev knew all about the U-2—and at that time, the U.S. had no information that Pilot Powers had been captured—it would be better that "the presidency



FOREIGN RELATIONS CHAIRMAN FULBRIGHT & SECRETARY GATES
More answers to lingering questions.

tions with State Department people, about postponing the flights. Such flights had never been suspended for any political reasons in the past; the only operative factors were weather conditions and military considerations.

Q. How did the U.S. come to produce its phony "cover story" about a weather flight that had unwittingly strayed over Soviet territory because of an apparent oxygen failure?

A. He knew that the U-2 had a secret intelligence mission, testified Dr. Hugh Dryden, deputy administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, but had no detailed information. After Khrushchev's first announcement that Russia had shot down the U-2, reporters bombarded Dryden for the story. He called CIA, got the dusted-off cover story, and put together the statement that the plane was lost on a weather flight. "I was told that these statements had been cleared by CIA with the State Department. I did not independently check that fact." What nobody had bothered to tell Dryden was that President Eisenhower and his aides had earlier decided that the State Department would handle all the

should not be involved in an international lie, particularly when it would not stand up with respect to the facts." After Herter's disclaimer of presidential responsibility, Gates recommended that the President should take full responsibility. Ike did reverse the U.S. line again and publicly take the blame.

Q. Why did Gates call a military alert from Paris on the very eve of the crucial summit meeting?

A. Gates had just learned, with the President, that Khrushchev planned to scuttle the conference. "This communications alert was not an act that was either offensive or defensive. It was a sound precautionary measure." He cleared it with Ike, notified Secretary Herter, then flashed the word to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. No troops were recalled from leave, nor were any forces moved, though some local commanders took optional precautions (a Denver TV station put out a "scramble" call to fighter pilots). "Under the circumstances," said Gates, "it seemed most prudent to me to increase the awareness of our unified commanders. In similar circumstances, I would take exactly the same action."

THE SUPREME COURT Tidelands Decision

Back in 1953, Dwight Eisenhower's Republican Congress passed the Submerged Lands Act that awarded the oil-rich "tidelands" off U.S. shores to the states instead of the Federal Government—just as Ike had promised to do in his campaign. But the law had a basic flaw. It set a three-mile limit for Atlantic and Pacific states, yet allowed the states on the Gulf of Mexico—which has most of the underwater oil—to claim up to three leagues (10.3 miles) of offshore land, provided that those boundaries existed "at the time such State became a member of the Union, or as heretofore approved by Congress." Who was to untie the knots of history? Being too divided to do so itself, Congress intentionally left that chore to the court.

Last week, by votes of 6 to 1, the Supreme Court ruled that:

¶ The borders of Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi extend seaward for three nautical miles, i.e., 3.45 miles.

¶ The borders of Texas and Florida extend seaward for three leagues, i.e., 10.3 miles.

To find historic precedent for Texas' claim, the court dug back to the Congress-approved treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, which ended the Mexican War in 1848 and extended the Mexico-Texas border three leagues into the Gulf.⁹ Florida was also entitled to three leagues because it claimed that boundary in its post-Civil War constitution, rammed through by a carpet-bagger and scalawag-packed state constitutional convention and approved by Congress in 1868. Because Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama made considerably less extravagant claims back in the 1860s, they got considerably less from the Supreme Court in 1960.

For Texas, which now plans its first major sale of offshore leases since 1953, the decision will mean millions of dollars annually. For Louisiana, it means the possible loss of more than \$300 million in past bonuses and royalties from the disputed lands, which last year yielded 29 million bbl. of oil and 174 billion cu. ft.

¶ The treaty was a quirk of history, negotiated by one of history's most shadowy figures: Nicholas P. Trist, onetime chief clerk of the State Department. President Polk dispatched Trist to Mexico to frame the treaty, then disapproved of the way he was handling the job and dismissed him. Nevertheless, Trist went ahead and negotiated the pact and signed it. Legally, it was worthless, but the nation was so eager to end the war that Polk was almost compelled to accept the treaty. Why did Trist push Texas three leagues into the Gulf? Answer, because Texas had claimed those boundaries when it became a republic in 1846. Says Texas Attorney General Will Wilson: "We won the tidelands as a legacy of Sam Houston's dream of a Republic of Texas going all the way to the West Coast. The expansionist ambitions of the early Texans have ironically resulted in giving Texas a Gulf Coast region that may be worth untold billions."



of natural gas. The money is now held in escrow, and Louisiana will seek redress from Congress. It has a few arguing points: if its boundaries extend three miles from the coast, no one has decided where the jagged coastline begins, or who is to reap the revenues from oil produced off the shores of its islands more than three miles out.

Last week Congressmen criticized the court for an uneven decision and promised to hopper several bills to change it. With somewhat better cause, Justice John Marshall Harlan criticized Congress for passing "this ill-defined statute," which compelled seven judges to write six separate decisions that settled the claims of five states by setting two different sets of boundaries.



TEXAS' BURLERSON
Now wives are called secretaries.

THE CONGRESS Accounts Receivable

Technically speaking, congressional expense accounts are an open book. But it takes a truly constant reader to make any sense out of the volumes of expense vouchers since the vouchers are filed away with no index or key. Last week many a Congressman had the election-year jitters because two Washington newsmen, who spent months studying more than 25,000 vouchers turned in between 1957 and 1959, published (in *Life* and the *Knight* newspapers) the results of some patient indexing of their own.

Some Congressmen, reported Newsman Walter Pincus and Don Oberdorfer, took wives along on business trips and in many cases absorbed the extra costs as legitimate expenses, while others apparently used flimsy excuses for making official trips, frequently paid for personal purchases out of their expense money, and did not always make proper reimbursements. Items:

¶ Texas' Omar Burleson, an ex-FBI agent

and chairman of the purse-string Committee on House Administration, bought \$86.45 worth of doodads (pen set, calendar-pad holder, etc.) for his office in Abilene, charged it off to his committee, even though he had received a specific \$1,200 allowance for office supplies. On another occasion, Burleson traveled 1,128 miles by car to investigate "election matters" in Texas (his own district included), charged the trip off at 10¢ a mile.

¶ Fifteen Congressmen and two staff members of the House Public Works Committee stayed at a Manhattan hotel on a summer weekend to check up on "Long Island beach erosion." Several congressional wives accompanied them. A neat square of ink blotted out the "Mrs." on the hotel bills that were submitted for payment. Members of the same committee, accompanied by a few wives, appeared in Manhattan again to stay at the fashionable Plaza to "study" New York's harbor and thruway.

¶ Florida's A. Sydney Herlong Jr. used part of his stationery fund to buy eight pieces of luggage for \$264.80; Pennsylvania's George Rhodes bought seven umbrellas in a single day from the same fund; an unnamed Congressman bought \$25 worth of yacht-club flags, and still another had an "original oil of a nude lady" framed.

¶ An assortment of Congressmen and their wives visited Hawaii at various times for various investigative purposes. On one occasion, members of the Public Works Committee, who might have used the U.S. Military Air Transport Service for free transportation to the islands, traveled instead by luxury liner. At least one bill from the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, made out to CONG & MRS., was overtyped in the records to read CONGRESSMAN.

Snorted one ranking Republican as the newsmen's story hit Capitol Hill: Voucher padding in Congress is no different from that done by "businessmen, publishers, LIFE reporters and photographers." Said another: "It used to be that a fellow used to take his secretary on trips and call her his wife. Now a guy takes his wife and calls her his secretary." But one Congressman was not laughing. To Speaker Sam Rayburn, 78, whose House is like a second home, the scandal was a direct reflection on the whole of Congress. Furious over the conduct of his members, Mr. Sam ordered an accounting.

POLITICAL NOTES

Charlie on the Gavel

At every Republican Convention since 1936, Indiana Congressman Charlie Halleck has back-slapped his way among the delegates, like the Hoosier horse trader that he is. In 1940 he nominated fellow Indian Wendell Wilkie for the presidency. In 1948 Halleck swung Old Guard Indiana to Internationalist Tom Dewey on the promise, he thought, of the vice-presidential nomination (California's Earl Warren got it). In 1952 Halleck's support of Dwight Eisenhower was a sharp blow to the embittered forces of Ohio's

Bob Taft. In 1956 he nominated Ike.

Last week Hoosier Halleck was hoisted from the floor to the rostrum to be permanent chairman of next month's Republican Convention in Chicago. National Chairman Thruston Morton, with a nod from Vice President Nixon, overlooked plain-mugged Charlie Halleck's lack of TV appeal, heeded Halleck's claim to the job by virtue of being the House Republican leader. Knowing Halleck's onetime dreams of a Nixon-Halleck ticket (unshared by Nixon), G.O.P. brass hoped that Halleck would accept the chairman's gavel as his full reward for work well done.

Who's for Whom

¶ Over cookies and coffee with the press in his summer mansion on Mackinac Island, Michigan's Governor G. Mennen Williams plighted his state's 51 delegate votes to Jack Kennedy for the Democratic nomination. In accepting Michigan's endorsement, Kennedy hoped out loud that a procession of other big-delegate

of 78 A.F.L.-C.I.O. unions, polled by Chicago's Roosevelt University, favored Stevenson by a 2-1 margin over Kennedy and Symington.

¶ In Arvada, Colo., pretty Shirley Jean Havens, 21, wife of a young plumber, registered as a Republican. Last November Shirley Jean wrote President Eisenhower and Harry Truman asking their advice on how to cast her first vote. Truman sent her a grumpy reply, advising her to read her history books, but Ike responded by aiming a national fundraising address at the young woman and thrusting her into the national spotlight (Time, Feb. 8). What finally made up her mind to be a Republican, she said, was unfair Democratic criticism of Ike over the U-2 incident: "It got me up in arms."

¶ Tacoma, Wash. Lawyer Edgar Eisenhower, a sometime critic of his famous brother, left for a European vacation with an announcement: "I cannot see anyone now except Nixon."

ing to delegates and delegate bosses, he commiserated over the bandwagon pressures of the Kennedy organization.

He had been impressed, Johnson noted in Reno, "by the determination of the delegates to make up their own minds. They're resentful of the idea that they're sewed up." Commented South Dakota's big-voiced Governor Ralph Hersheth after a whirlwind Johnson visit: "He made no attempt to pressure us or sweep anyone off his feet. It should improve his position with our delegates."

In Idaho, Johnson's gentle politicking increased the Johnson count from one to eight delegates, with a good chance of picking up six more (and with them, after the first ballot, control of the unit-rule delegates) by convention time. At a testimonial dinner for Governor Pat Brown in Los Angeles, Johnson's impassioned plea for national unity in the face of Khrushchev's threats brought his audience to its feet in an ovation, and—according to the experts—added 15 to 20 delegates to



CANDIDATES KENNEDY, SYMINGTON & JOHNSON WITH CALIFORNIA'S GOVERNOR & MRS. BROWN (CENTER)
Like the slogan says—"All the way."

states (New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois) might be lining up. The Kennedy forces were out to track down every favorite son, boss and delegate, but were finding stiffened resistance despite the Michigan breakthrough.

¶ The 19 editors of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain announced their unanimous blessing of Lyndon Johnson as "the ablest and strongest" candidate for the Democratic nomination, reserved decision on a Republican choice "until a later day when, and if, a contest develops." The ultraconservative Manchester (N.H.) *Union Leader* also gave Johnson a curt nod as his favorite Democrat. And Long Island's *Newsday*, one of the first U.S. dailies to come out for Adlai Stevenson in 1956, was early again in 1960—plumping for a Stevenson-Kennedy ticket.

¶ Twelve hundred delegates of the Textile Workers' Union convention in Chicago ignored the ruling of the parent A.F.L.-C.I.O. forbidding any pre-convention endorsement, roaringly acclaimed Kennedy as their choice. But the leaders

DEMOCRATS Push Without Pressure

WHO SHALL LEAD US? asked the big black headline over a full-page political advertisement in 19 top U.S. newspapers. The lavish, \$50,000 ad, signed by 181 big and little names, answered its big question with the name of Lyndon B. Johnson. Johnson went on to suggest that readers write or wire Johnson "to urge him to become an active candidate." The suggestion was hardly necessary: although still coyly undeclared as a candidate for the Democratic nomination, L.B.J. was, as his slogan says, "all the way"—as active as any candidate on the road last week. His campaign was belatedly gathering momentum.

He played hard and skillfully on his reputation for mature responsibility as majority leader of the U.S. Senate, presenting himself as the statesmanlike unity candidate who can rise above politics in time of peril. Against the new backdrop of U.S.-Russian turmoil, he deftly flicked Kennedy's youth and inexperience. Talk-

his California score. But in New Mexico Johnson suffered a setback when Kennedy personally led a raid on the state convention and carried off six or seven of the state's 17 convention delegates.

Johnson bubbled with confidence over his stepped-up campaign. So did his old Texas mentor, House Speaker Sam Rayburn, who claimed that Johnson would arrive at the Los Angeles convention a month hence with "a very minimum of 500 votes" (needed to win: 761). Johnson had not noticeably taken any delegates from Jack Kennedy, whose aides are airily claiming 700 convention votes on the second ballot. Johnson's strength was still based on the 319 of the South (including Texas) and any sizable increase was likely to come from Symington forces if Symington's chances seemed clearly doomed. But the Johnson campaign had bucked up the Kennedy holdouts in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and California. And Lyndon Johnson himself had moved strongly into position as the last serious hope of the stop-Kennedy forces.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE NATIONS

Dream of the Wise

Just as Stalin's aggressiveness inspired the birth of NATO in 1949, Khrushchev's aggressiveness was defeating its own purposes in Western Europe in 1960. On both sides of the English Channel last week, a post-summit reappraisal of power realities was subtly nudging forward the prickly cause of European unity.

"An Imposing Confederation." The pace was set, in majestic phrases, by the leader most often accused of undermining allied unity. In a television report to the French people on the summit fiasco, Charles de Gaulle declared: "France intends as far as she is concerned to be ready to defend herself. This means, first of all, that she shall remain an integral part of the Atlantic alliance." And behind the shield of the Atlantic alliance, emphasized De Gaulle, the nations of Western Europe "must organize to achieve their joint power and development."

Eloquently, De Gaulle conjured up the vision of "a European entente from the Atlantic to the Urals . . . this Western Europe which, in former times, was the dream of the wise and the ambition of the powerful." For the first time, De Gaulle conceded that the European Common Market might prove a step in the evolution of "an imposing confederation

. . . a Western group at the very least equivalent to that which exists in the East." And, in words designed to soothe the divisive Franco-British feud over the Common Market, he declared that the Common Market nations "do not want this organization to injure the other countries of Europe and we must expect a way to be found of accommodating interests."

The First Swallow. To a Europe in need of inspiration, the words evoked memories of Charlemagne. France's Duc de Sully and his 17th century "Grand Design," and other great "European" statesmen. "The Talleyrand of the 20th century," cried West Berlin's *Tagesspiegel*, delighted with evidence of Adenauer-style Europe-mindedness from a man once considered to be concerned only with French grandeur. In the U.S., where De Gaulle's soaring prestige had finally won him something close to his longstanding demand for equality with Britain in U.S. councils, his assurances of France's solidarity with the Atlantic pact were cheered.

But the most important echoes came from Britain, where the failure of the *détente* with Russia cast new doubts on the wisdom of Britain's long refusal to associate itself with the Common Market Six except on British terms. Speaking to the Assembly of the Western European Union last week, British Minister of State for Foreign Affairs John Profumo unexpectedly

ly announced that Britain had decided "to consider anew" the idea of membership in the European Coal and Steel Community as well as EURATOM, the atomic pool of the Common Market Six.

There were hints from London that Britain might also soon propose a further compromise—membership in a customs union with the Common Market Six that would not entail acceptance of the Common Market's ultimate goal of complete economic integration. Skeptics on the Continent saw this as an effort to enjoy the privileges of the club without paying dues. But to those who longed for the day when a united Europe would stretch from Belfast to Berlin, the sight of Britain beginning to budge even a little was as welcome as spring's first swallow.

RUSSIA

Nikita's Plan

As usual, when blustering his worst, as he did last week, Nikita Khrushchev also exhibited his peace-loving side. This time it was a 5,600-word Soviet plan for "complete and general disarmament," sent to all 82 members of the U.N. The new plan, Nikita let it be known, was one that he had intended to present in Paris had Dwight Eisenhower not "wrecked the summit." He would hardly have made much headway with it there.

Main feature of the new plan was its acceptance of the proposition that Stage One priority in disarmament should go to the abolition of all space, air and ground vehicles capable of delivering nuclear weapons. This was a seeming concession to the French, who talk about first banning delivery of nuclear weapons instead of production because they are still hard at work producing.

Next, Khrushchev talked of a proposal for an international police force once disarmament was completed and provisions which, on their face, seemed to suggest Soviet acceptance of the longstanding U.S. insistence on stage-by-stage control and inspection. But all of Khrushchev's proclamations of his "lofty aims" could not disguise the fact that everything in the Soviet plan would work to Soviet advantage.

By insisting that the 12-to-18-month first stage of disarmament must include the abolition of all foreign bases as well as of nuclear means of delivery, Nikita's scheme would give Russia, with its huge conventional forces, crushing military superiority over the U.S. By subjecting the proposed international police force to the U.N. Security Council, the Soviets would also subject its operations to their veto. And after studying the inspection proposals, one U.S. disarmament expert commented: "The Russians would let you watch them destroy what they would say was 50% of their air force, but you would have no way of knowing it was 50%."

With his customary cynicism, Nikita Khrushchev had long since concluded that



Cummings—London Daily Express

"REMEMBER WHEN KHRUSHCHEV SMILED AND WE WERE AT SIXES AND SEVENS . . ."

disarmament is a field in which victory goes not to the side that acts but to the side that most loudly professes its willingness to act. But, as Russians so often have, he was grievously underestimating the intelligence and resolution of his opponents. Though Western officials politely agreed to study the plan, there was no sign that any of them—including subtle, skeptical Charles de Gaulle—failed to see through Nikita's transparent maneuver.

Who's at the Button?

The man at Russia's nuclear pushbutton, if Khrushchev's tirades last week (*see NATIONAL AFFAIRS*) were to be believed, is a trimly athletic, strikingly handsome career artillery officer—and a Khrushchev favorite. Marshal of Rocketry Mitrofan Nedelin, said Khrushchev, is "a remarkable soldier, a hero of the Soviet Union, a splendid artilleryman who knows more about rocketry than anybody."

Nedelin, 57, was virtually unknown in the West—except to other general staffs—until a month ago, when Khrushchev, in an offhand remark at the Czech embassy, revealed that the marshal had been given command of Russia's brand new rocket force. A member of a favored branch (Stalin once called artillery "the God of war"), Nedelin became adept in World War II at Stalin's vaunted "artillery offensives," massing 300 pieces or more for each kilometer of front. His rise to favor with Nikita apparently began when both men were serving in the Ukraine during the war.

But did Khrushchev really intend to give a man who once described himself as "a gunner, that's all" the authority to make the decision that could touch off nuclear war? The consensus of the West: Nikita was trading on U.S. cancellation of the U-2 flights to run a bluff on which he reckoned he would never have to put up or shut up.



MARSHAL NEDELIN

The offensives were splendid.



AUTHOR CHUKOVSKY AT PASTERNAK'S GRAVE

The debt was large—and unpaid.

Death of a Man

In the bitterness of recent years, when he was reviled by his stony-faced government and forbidden under pain of exile to accept the Nobel Prize awarded him for his poems and for *Doctor Zhivago*, Boris Leonidovich Pasternak once wrote: "How hard this life, and long my way of stone." Last week, the indomitable man who succeeded in creating some of modern literature's most eloquent testaments to the unconquerable human spirit came to the end of his stony path.

Twenty-Five Breaths. Not long before his final illness, Pasternak worriedly told an old friend he thought he had lung cancer. He begged that his suspicion be kept from his wife, Zinaida, so as not to upset her. Yet when he was fatally stricken, the Soviet doctors diagnosed Pasternak's illness as a heart attack and only later discovered it was the result of cancer spreading to the heart muscles. By then cancer had colonized both lungs and was advancing from his stomach through the digestive tract.

The government that had so long scorned Boris Pasternak, now gave grudgingly of its best to save him. An oxygen tent was rushed to rambling, weatherbeaten Dacha No. 6 in Peredelkino, 14 miles from Moscow. Professor Nikolai Petrov, a cancer specialist from the Kremlin clinic, strove desperately to win a few more hours from eternity with another blood transfusion. Pasternak asked wearily: "Is it necessary?"

As the hollow needle was inserted in a vein of his wasted arm, Boris murmured to his wife: "*Dostvidanya* [goodbye]. Moments later, blood gushed from his mouth. "Why am I hemorrhaging?" he asked. Trying to sound reassuring, Zinaida answered, "It is because you have

pneumonia." The end came fast. With the last flickers of consciousness, Boris Pasternak managed to wave to Zinaida. She leaned over him, counted 25 gasping breaths, and then came the stillness of death.

The Missing Mourners. Of all the thousands of Soviet newspapers and periodicals, only two literary gazettes carried short notices of the death of Russia's greatest contemporary writer. And next day, as 1,500 mourners gathered at Peredelkino, there was present no official of the Communist Party, the Soviet government, or the Writers' Union, which had expelled Pasternak for the crime of writing as his heart moved him.

But others did come, bringing flowers. They arrived from Moscow by taxi and private car; they came by footpath through the woods or across the open fields from the suburban railroad station. A slow procession wound through the house to view the body: students, workers, peasants, elderly men and women of Pasternak's own generation. There were even some writers who braved official displeasure: Novelist Konstantin Paustovsky, Children's Author Kornei Chukovsky and, through his wife, Ilya Ehrenburg. Sviatoslav Richter, Russia's finest pianist, played slow dirges and the Chopin melodies that Pasternak had loved.

Yellow Earth. At 4 in the afternoon, six young pallbearers lifted the open coffin with white linen slings and carried it the half-mile to the village churchyard where Russia's endless war is fought even in death—some graves bear tombstones with crosses; others are surmounted by Communism's red stars. Panting and perspiring, the pallbearers deposited the coffin on the mound of freshly dug yellowish earth beside the open grave, within sight of the blue onion domes of the Orthodox

Church of the Transfiguration. Several weeping women bent over to kiss the lifeless countenance. It was time for the funeral oration.

The man who stepped forward was Kornei Chukovsky, 78, in his time the friend of Anton Chekov and Maxim Gorky. After recalling his long friendship with Pasternak, Chukovsky gingerly approached the crucial question: Pasternak's quarrel with the Communist Party. It resulted, said Chukovsky, from Pasternak's sharing Leo Tolstoy's pacifism and his refusal to "condone the resistance to evil by violence." In this Pasternak erred, stated Chukovsky. Then, having made the necessary obeisance to the Kremlin, he went on strongly to praise his old friend as a "splendid fighter," a perfect model of how an artist "should defend his views without fear of falling out with his contemporaries or other disapproval, so long as he is convinced that his word is right, so long as he is convinced that his cause is sacred!" In ringing tones, whose echoes would surely resound in Nikita Khrushchev's office, Chukovsky concluded: "Farewell, dear Boris Leonidovich, thank you from all of us. We owe you a large and unpaid debt." So did the world, for the sum total of Pasternak's writing is a cry of joy at the wonder of life and of God who created it, and a deep conviction of man's resurrection as promised by Jesus Christ.

A Poet's Grave. As Chukovsky stepped down from the mound, several young men pushed through the crowd. One proclaimed: "Over the poet's open grave his verses should resound," and began a recitation. Another said something about an "unpublished book," and there were uneasy glances and scattered cries of "For shame!" The coffin was sealed and lowered into the grave and a symbolic pinch of dirt thrown in.

But it would take more than a covering of dirt to extinguish the memory of Boris Pasternak in the Russian land he loved so much that "every line of her had gone to the very bottom of his soul."

POLAND

Forced Hands

In the Silesian city of Zielona Gora—which was Germany's Grünberg until Poland took it over after World War II—a truckload of town laborers pulled up one morning last week before a onetime German Evangelical Church, used since the Polish takeover as a Catholic parish house. As the workmen set about tossing out furniture to convert it to a community center, beshawled women clutching their rosary beads gathered and shouted imprecations. Soon husbands and sons came up, and a crowd of 5,000 was marching on the police headquarters. When somebody began to throw stones at the grim-faced Communist cops, the police opened up with tear gas and rubber truncheons, injuring 70 rioters and arresting 100.

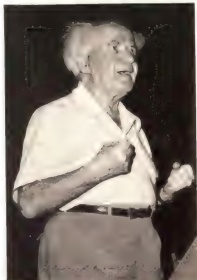
For both Polish Communist Boss Wladyslaw Gomulka and Catholic Pri-

mate Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, the Zielona Gora outburst—the second spontaneous flare-up of church-state conflict in five weeks (TIME, May 9)—was a grave embarrassment. Each is aware that ultimately Christ or the Commissar must back down in Poland, but each also dreads anything that might spark a nationwide uprising and thereby provoke the Soviets to give Warsaw the Budapest treatment. But in troubled Poland, the hands of both leaders are increasingly being forced.

ISRAEL

Justice on Trial

In a tiny, improvised cell in a secluded villa, War Criminal Adolf Eichmann, 54, last week volubly answered questions hour after hour. As though bent on slow-motion suicide, the man charged with



BEN-GURION
Objectivity is for journalists.

responsibility for the murder of 6,000,000 Jews was eager to tell all, often asked for pencil and paper to enlarge his replies. With evident satisfaction, Israel's Chief Investigator Abraham Selinger reported that the thin, flop-eared ex-Gestapo leader—who had proclaimed that he would kill himself if he were ever captured—was the most "cooperative" suspect he had ever interrogated.

Selinger's satisfaction was not universally shared. Argentina—from whose soil Eichmann had been kidnapped by Israeli agents last month—seemed content to accept at face value Israel's *pro forma* denial that the kidnapping had ever happened. But in New York, Nahum Goldmann, prestigious president of the World Zionist Organization, was openly troubled by Israel's unilateral action and urged that Eichmann should stand trial for mass murder before an international court rather than an Israeli one.

The New York Post proposed that Eichmann be prosecuted "in Germany

by the German republic"—a suggestion that found scant favor in Germany. The Washington Post complained that "everything connected with the proceedings against Eichmann is tainted with lawlessness. If, as reported, he was abducted from another country, international law was violated. The crimes with which he is to be charged were committed in Germany and Austria; Israel has no jurisdiction to try the case. In any event, Israel can try him only under *ex post facto* statutes."

Visibly angered by all this, Israel's Premier David Ben-Gurion lashed back at Nahum Goldmann with the sweeping statement that "historic justice and the honor of the Jewish people" required that the trial be held in Israel. As for "American journalists," shrugged the Premier, they could afford to be "objective" since they had never suffered Nazi atrocities. Despite the strong opposition of his own Justice Minister, Ben-Gurion was clearly determined to seize the occasion for a "show" trial. If he got his way, the trial would be used not only to condemn Eichmann but also to rehearse all the anti-Semitic crimes of the Nazi era and to remind the world of the continuing presence of ex-Nazis in advisory jobs in the governments of Israel's Arab neighbors, most notably the U.A.R.

In his justifiable determination to see Eichmann punished for his monstrous past, Ben-Gurion seemed to be unaware of the inverse racism implicit in his claim that Israel, as "the only sovereign authority in Jewry," had the right to seek out criminals guilty of offenses against the "Jewish people" anywhere it could find them. And he seemed equally unaware or indifferent to the fact that the trial of Adolf Eichmann, as one U.S. official pointed out, "is going to cause a serious loss of world confidence in the objectivity of the Israeli government."

TURKEY

"We Say They Are Guilty"

"If things go right," said strapping General Cemal Gursel, soon after the Turkish army seized power fortnight ago, "we hope to finish all this in a month. If we run into difficulties it might take three months." Last week, like many a military man before him, General Gursel was learning that ruling a nation is never that simple.

Second Roundup. In the first hours after the almost bloodless overthrow of former Premier Adnan Menderes, the task of putting the Turkish Republic back on the democratic track seemed as straightforward as taking a hilltop. The army was solidly behind Gursel and his "National Union Committee" of generals, colonels and junior officers; the people had welcomed them with joy; their enemies were in their hands. Moderation was the order of the day. Leaders of Menderes' Democratic Party were released almost as fast as they were arrested; at the start of the week only 150 were in custody. General Gursel dismissed talk of punishment, said Menderes and a

few others would be sent to some beach resort in temporary exile while the country ran off "free, just elections" and got back on an even keel.

This buoyant calm was shattered just two nights after the revolution when one of the new government's most hated prisoners, former Interior Minister Namik Gedik, suddenly leaped out of his bed on the top floor of Ankara's military academy. Shrieking "Ya Allah" (O God), he plumed through an unopened double glass window to his death. The hysterical suicide of the boss of Menderes' national police, the man held responsible for beatings and killings of anti-Menderes student demonstrators, shocked the new government and stirred the avenging wrath of the soldiers behind it. Abruptly abandoning his live-and-let-live attitude, Premier Gursel declared sternly: "Former ministers will have to account for their deeds." Once more jeeps rolled through Ankara making mass arrests. By midweek 403 out of 406 Democratic Deputies were in jail, most of them on Yassıada Island, eleven miles out to sea from Istanbul.

Second Reason. In their anger at the ministers who had tried to use the military as a tool to perpetuate tyranny, the officers blurred a new reason for vengeance. Speaking for the National Union Committee, Colonel Ertugrul Atlati announced that bodies of opponents of the Menderes regime had been found in circumstances that indicated they had been beaten to death in Menderes' jails and preserved for secret disposal later. Said a junta statement: "Some martyrs have been buried in unknown places, some thrown in wells, some kept in cold storage plants and even some cut up to be used as animal feed."

At week's end Atlati coolly reversed himself with the declaration: "We have nothing to substantiate reports that bodies have been found." Nonetheless, an investigation committee was named to prepare indictments of Menderes and other Democrats for these and other crimes. And the junta had already made up its mind as to the proper verdict. Said Colonel Atlati: "We say they are guilty. This is the feeling of our movement."

Second Room. By week's end, too, the army made it plain just who was calling the tunes in revolutionary Turkey. The Cabinet, Spokesman Atlati announced, would carry out the orders of the National Union Committee, which numbered not 21 officers as first announced but some 50. "Obviously," he said, "if the country has no National Assembly, some kind of assembly must take power and pass laws. This power is in the hands of the National Union Committee. The government is responsible to the committee."

As the Cabinet, almost entirely composed of able technicians, met nonstop in one room of Ankara's government building, the junta held round-the-clock sessions a few doors down the hall. Eating meals brought from a nearby restaurant and sleeping in his office ("I make the bed myself. That's why it looks so



GENERAL GURSEL & ATATURK BUST
Ruling is never that simple.

bad"). General Gursel hopped from one meeting to the other.

Second Thoughts. Already, the army, which had intervened for the stated purpose of restoring the liberties that Menderes had flouted, was getting entangled in tasks of civil punishment and constitutional reform from which it would be hard to extricate itself without impairing its own reputation for political neutrality. Democracy would not be established without a return to the two-party system—which was likely to prove difficult with almost the entire leadership of the Democratic Party in confinement.

Apparently unworried, ex-President Ismet Inonu, whose Republican Party as things now stand should prove an easy



SUICIDE GEDIK
Death stirred the avengers.

election winner over Menderes' smashed Democratic organization, last week pronounced the revolution "legitimate." But some other Republican Party leaders were not so optimistic. Said one: "It is easier to make a revolution than to end it. Those who have made the revolution are bound to be fearful about what would happen if the Democrats came back to power." At week's end Minister of State Sefik Inan said he doubted that new elections could be held before October at the earliest.

ALGERIA

The True Profile

For Frenchmen the words "an Algerian election" have long served as satirical shorthand to describe a rigged vote, and Charles de Gaulle's first four elections in Algeria did little to change the time-honored meaning of the phrase. But for his fifth Algerian election, completed last week, De Gaulle's orders were strict: the French army was to put no pressure on Moslem voters; civilians were to run the polls and, where possible, the transportation to them. Last week De Gaulle had one result he was after: the first honest political profile of revolt-torn Algeria.

Purpose of the balloting was to set up "general councils," which will advise prefects and supervise local administration in Algeria's 13 departments. Candidates pledged to De Gaulle's policy of self-determination for Algeria won 208 of the 452 seats. Candidates running on purely local issues won 67 and diehard anti-Gaullist French settlers another 87. One *ultra* winner: pretty Babette Lagaillarde, 26, wife of imprisoned ex-Paratrooper Pierre Lagaillarde, who led the extremist settlers of Algiers in their insurrection against De Gaulle last January.

Biggest disappointment of the election from the Gaullist point of view was the fact that only 55% of the electorate voted. One faction among the French settlers, smarting from what a De Gaulle adviser calls a post-insurrection "realization" that they are no longer masters of their fate," boycotted the polls, cutting the turnout in the cities. The rebel F.L.N., also called for abstention; 70% of the Moslem population stayed away in Algiers' casbah, and 86% in Sétif, home town of F.L.N. "Premier" Ferhat Abbas.

The vote suggested that most Algerians want peace and some tie to France. But it did not bring these ends visibly nearer. In pre-election raids, F.L.N. terrorists killed 17, including three candidates, in Algeria, plus one policeman and four civilians in Paris. And among Frenchmen as well as Algerians impatience for peace was mounting. In Toulouse, the Catholic, pro-Communist and independent unions have joined forces to demand immediate negotiations with the F.L.N. France's big Socialist Party is agitating for a ceasefire, and last week the potent National Students Union announced that it planned to resume its links with the outlawed, pro-F.L.N. Union of Algerian Moslem Students.



HENDRIK VERWOERD
A cold day in the old krool.

SOUTH AFRICA

Back with a Thud

Shivering under the biting wind that whistled through Bloemfontein's sports stadium, more than 30,000 South Africans watched the husky, white-haired man with two fresh scars on his face and neck hold aloft a small white dove. "This is our messenger of good will," he cried. But, as the crowd sat in stunned silence, the bird fell to earth with a small, feathery thud, declining to fly. With such inauspicious symbolism did South Africa's Prime Minister Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd return last week to public life, two months after an assassin's attempt on his life.

In his absence, scores of prominent citizens had raised their voices in favor of a more liberal race policy. South Africa's business world was suffering badly from foreign reluctance to invest in so unstable a state, warned Mining and Industrial Tycoon Harry Oppenheimer. It had become "difficult if not impossible" to raise money in London for any South African venture, echoed Sir Charles Hambro of the powerful Union Corporation; to restore its credit abroad, declared Sir Charles, South Africa must seek "more harmonious relations with the urban native population" and "satisfactory outlets for the legitimate aspirations of all sections of the population."

Verwoerd had no such intention. "Should multiracial government succeed in South Africa . . . inevitably it will mean Bantu domination over all," he cried to the throng gathered to celebrate the nation's 50th anniversary. "The whites must continue to govern." And in case anyone had any doubts that *apartheid* was still to remain the holy doctrine, he called for full speed ahead on the vast project to herd millions of South African blacks into segregated tribal states in the virgin bush.

BELGIAN CONGO

Nightmare

The elections were over and the votes were counted, but for harassed Belgian officials in sweltering Léopoldville last week, the nightmare of readying the Congo for independence on June 30 had just begun.

No one knew for certain where the capital would be, and controversy even raged over the new flag (yellow stars on a blue field). The man with the largest bloc of votes in the first Parliament, goateed Patrice Lumumba, 34, was a convicted embezzler; the only other leader who might command a following, chubby, erratic Joseph Kasavubu, 43, just three months ago was vowing to destroy the new nation by pulling his own Lower Congo region out and merging it with the French territory next door.

Some followers of the two men reportedly flocked into the towns, staking claims to white settlers' homes—and to their wives. Kasavubu's party newspaper darkly suggested that "in former days, African women had to slave to bring up the white man's mulatto children, but in the future, white women will have to rear the mulatto offspring of the black man." As if all this were not enough, the Congo's finances were chaotic: \$230 million in capital escaped the country before exchange controls were imposed, leaving scarcely enough in currency reserves to back the Congo franc.

In this atmosphere, no one could blame the whites who chose to leave for their "holidays" in Europe, as preparations for the independence celebrations began. Many would never return. Sabena's daily flights to Brussels were booked solid for weeks ahead, and hundreds of settlers were driving out through Uganda, their belongings piled high atop their autos. The Belgians who decided to stick it out

were laying in stocks of food and fuel for a speedy getaway if necessary.

Brussels seemed hopeful that something might yet be salvaged from the chaos by installing in power a coalition headed by Kasavubu, who has been cooperating with Belgians recently. He controls only 12 of the Lower House's 137 seats (v. 36 for Lumumba), but with Belgian help might attract enough support from among the 18 other elected parties to form a coalition government. In pursuit of this scheme, Kasavubu last week flew to Brussels to dicker with Belgium's Minister of the Congo and to call on young King Baudouin, who is scheduled to open the Congo's first Parliament at the end of the month, provided the country does not explode into bloody civil war beforehand. Watching the events in Brussels with rising anger, choleric Patrice Lumumba growled: "The Belgians prefer to give power to stooges and retain power for themselves in the Congo. Without my party, the government will not last two months."

KENYA

The Oath Takers

Of all the colonial revolts that have convulsed Asia and Africa since World War II, none have matched Kenya's Mau Mau movement for sheer grisliness. In seven years of terror beginning in the autumn of 1952, 95 Europeans, 29 Asians and 12,423 Africans were slain by methods ranging from merciful garroting to having their heads bashed in and their brains removed, dried and ritually eaten. Last week the British finally got around to releasing the first complete and authoritative account of the Mau Mau disaster—an almost clinically detached, 322-page report by Career Colonial Administrator Frank D. Corfield, 58, onetime Governor of Khartoum.



PATRICE LUMUMBA
Growing at stooges.



JOSEPH KASAVUBU
Dickering for coalition.

Corpses & Orgies. Like African leaders everywhere, the men who organized the Mau Mau faced one basic difficulty in forging a nationalist spirit: for the ordinary African, a man's overriding loyalties are to his family and his tribe. By compelling Mau Mau members to violate not only Christian ethics but every tribal taboo as well, says Corfield, Mau Mau leaders deliberately reduced their victims to a state where a man who took the Mau Mau oath was cut off "from all hope, outside Mau Mau, in this world or the next." To achieve this, the Mau Mau leadership forced its recruits, voluntary or involuntary, to seal their oaths by digging up corpses and eating their putrefied flesh, copulating with sheep, dogs or adolescent girls, and by drinking the famed "Kaherichia cocktail"—a mixture of semen and menstrual blood. And when he was assigned to kill an enemy of the movement, a sworn Mau Mau pledged himself to remove the eyeballs of his victim and drink the liquid from them.

Once the blood lust had been aroused to this pitch, the oath taker was easily led to kill his own father or mother, wife, child or master at Mau Mau command. And any local Mau Mau leader devising a fouler ritual was under obligation to pass along his recipe immediately to his less inventive colleagues. Since there were seven basic oaths, which could be taken over and over again, Mau Mau ceremonies thus became perpetual orgies. The result was that, when a Mau Mau convert did repent and vomit out his story to authorities, he sometimes ended by humbly asking to be taken out and shot. His sense of absolute degradation and "absolute sin," says the Corfield report, left him no choice.

The Expert. Personally responsible for the "general pattern" of this horror, charges the Corfield report, was Jomo ("Burning Spear") Kenyatta, sixtyish, longtime Kikuyu nationalist leader still under house arrest in a remote Kenya mountain village. A mission-educated nationalist fanatic who spent 17 years in England and Europe, where he made himself an expert in primitive anthropology and published a scholarly work on Kikuyu customs, Kenyatta diabolically parodied the traditional religion of his people in Mau Mau ritual—much as occultists did in the legendary Black Mass. In fact, reports Corfield, Kenyatta's work showed "at least a passing acquaintance" with European witchcraft.

By publishing the Corfield report now, British colonial authorities obviously hoped to head off a swelling movement among Kenyan nationalists to force Kenyatta's release. In mid-May African leaders elected Kenyatta head of the new Kenyan African National Union, gave the government in Nairobi a month to release him or face civil disobedience. In rebuttal, the British argue that Kenyatta's release would put a bloody end to Colonial Office plans for Kenya's peaceful transition to independence, and point to the fact that already, fear of the Mau Mau is returning. Last week, following mounting re-



KENYA'S JOMO KENYATTA
Dried brains and juice from eyeballs.

ports of a revival of Mau Mau oaths, taking, a Kikuyu chief loyal to the government was slain, and in the old Mau Mau fashion his son and teen-age daughter were smeared with his blood and forced to take the oath.

For the time being, at least, the government's maneuver has failed. One by one, Kenya's African leaders denounced the Corfield report as a rehash of "European prejudices." In the week's prize example of nationalism gone berserk, Kenya Legislator S. A. Ayodo declared that when the Mau Mau movement is properly appraised, it will rank in history with the "French Revolution or the War of American Independence."

FRENCH AFRICA

The Last Four

Bowing to the nationalist drive in black Africa, France's De Gaulle recently agreed to what 20 months ago he refused to contemplate: full independence for African nations within the French Community. Last week, after the French Parliament and the Community Senate had voted constitutional changes to make this possible, four more former French African colonies—Ivory Coast, Niger, Dahomey and Upper Volta—said they would seek full independence.

Driven to this step by the fact that France has already accepted bids for independence for the other seven members of the Community, the Ivory Coast's Félix Houphouët-Boigny, who would have preferred to keep closer ties with France, bitterly commented: "For a marriage two people are needed, and France never made it as far as the church."

LAOS

Desperation's Child

For six weeks the quarreling Laotian politicians had been unable to select a new Premier. Last week parliamentary leaders suddenly made up their minds. Picked as the youngest Premier in Laotian history was Tiao Somsanith, 47, who has a shining reputation for honesty and ability. As governor of the northern province of Houa Khong, Somsanith was one of the few Laotian leaders not involved in the diversion of U.S. foreign aid funds, looked after the non-Lao tribes committed to his care so solicitously that the pro-Communist Pathet Lao forces were unable to make any inroads in his territory. According to Laotian cynics, he is perhaps the only anti-Communist Laotian politician who would win by a sweep in a free election.

Though the new Premier was the personal choice of Laos' military strongman, General Phoumi Nosavan, he owed his job primarily to Red Prince Souphanouvong, the mustachioed Pathet Lao leader who jumped jail near Vientiane a fortnight ago and rejoined his comrades in the jungle. Facing the probable flareup of guerrilla activity, Laos' heavy-lidded politicians decided that desperate situations require desperate measures, even electing the best man.

INDIA

Bringing in the Thieves

For Indian administrators, the dacoits are a problem as old as government itself. Governments call them bandits, but they consider themselves rebels, hold sway in an 8,000-sq.-mi. deeply ravined area south of New Delhi. For centuries, kings, moguls and viceroys have fumed against dacoit leaders who holed up in this Indian counterpart of the Dakota Badlands, shrewdly cultivating a Robin Hood reputation for robbing the rich and occasionally sharing their loot with the poor. Since independence, some 5,000 Indian police have tried to flush out the dacoits, using radio intercoms, rugged jeeps and the latest weapons.

Poor Pickings. For weeks past, Vinoba Bhave, 64, the holy man who has covered 30,000 miles in loincloth and rubber sneakers in a crusade to talk rich Indian landlords into sharing some of their land with the poor, has been trying to do with prayer what the police had failed to do with guns. Assured by an optimistic social worker that at least 500 dacoits would surrender to him if only he would tour the ravines, Bhave trudged into remote villages, calling on the dacoits to come out, repent their wicked ways, and stand trial for their misdeeds. Bhave's prayers were also designed to soften the hearts of the dacoits' accusers, with the hope that penitent dacoits would get light sentences. "My visit," said he, "shall be like the flow of the Holy Ganges in which whoever wants to can wash."

At first few dacoits seemed interested in coming clean. Only one, named Avatar,

appeared at the afternoon prayer meetings that highlight each Bhawe day, and there knelt and touched the holy man's feet. As dacoits go, Avatar was not much of a prize: he had left home at ten to take up the life of an outcast and had no heinous offense to confess. But Bhawe's disciples received him like a prodigal son, dressed him in a spotless white robe, and put him to work passing out religious tracts.

Police Keep Away. Then came barren days in which no more dacoits appeared, and even Avatar began to complain that "life in the ravines was more fun." In his sermons Bhawe began to criticize the police and to sympathize with dacoits, whom he called good men who "early in life took a wrong turn." It was easier, he said, to move the dacoits of the ravines to repentance than to soften the hearts of the

jag: bar associations pledged to supply defense counsel without charge, and Bhawe's womenfolk garlanded the prisoners with tinsel like so many heroes. Even India's President Prasad sent Bhawe a message of congratulations: "The whole nation looks with hope and admiration at the manner in which you have been able to arouse better instincts." In all the hullabaloo, no one paid much attention to the fact that Lakkan Singh, No. 1 dacoit on the still-at-large list, had sent word that he preferred to take his chances on capture, or that another dacoit, after attending a Bhawe prayer meeting, hustled off to commit a robbery less than three miles away.

But last week, sober second thoughts began to set in, and for the first time since he began his march around India

Last week, from the tiny (18,000 sq. mi.) buffer state of Bhutan on Tibet's southern border, came reports that the mood in Tibet has changed dramatically. Far fewer Tibetans now seek to escape. Instead, they stand and fight.

Earlier this year, Tibetan guerrillas became so successful in attacking Chinese truck convoys hauling materials for a string of Red Chinese airbases that in grim desperation the Chinese decided to throw in a regiment of Tibetan troops under Chinese officers. Although the men had been hand-picked and carefully indoctrinated, they promptly murdered their officers and joined the rebels.

After that, the Chinese were forced to deploy their own men. In May, near Shekar Dzong in southern Tibet, Chinese forces engaged 6,000 guerrillas in battle. Though the guerrillas lost 800 casualties, it took 15 heavy trucks to cart away the Chinese dead—and the Chinese wounded overflowed hospitals all the way back to the town of Shigatse, 120 miles to the northeast.

Recent arrivals from Tibet report that Red China has now dropped even the pretense that Communist rule in Tibet has the approval of the Panchen Lama. First employed by the Chinese as a puppet against his traditional rival, the Dalai Lama, the Panchen Lama is now a prisoner in Suthilinga palace in Lhasa, suspected of organizing the underground. Meanwhile, Tibetans estimate that the Chinese have carried off \$420 million worth of monastery valuables, turning many a wrecked temple into a dance hall or military headquarters.

In their massive attempt to convert Tibet into a Chinese colony, the Communists have impressed 35,000 Tibetans, including many monks, to work as slave laborers building a new 1,500-mile railroad from China's Tsinghai province to Lhasa. Even with the present poor communications, Chinese settlers are already being moved in to take over Tibetan lands, and Tibetans are shipped away to points unknown to change the racial complexion of the people. But other thousands have fled into the mountains, where Chinese planes last week were powerless to strafe them out. Said one Tibetan traveler: "The Chinese will have to demolish our mountains to be free of us."

SOUTH KOREA

Holding Action

Intoxicated by a vision of democracy that equates liberty with license, South Korea's young people last week pushed their nation ever closer to anarchy. In Seoul, where the crime rate has quadrupled since April's revolution, the students of 30 schools were out on strike. In Pusan, 1,000 brawling university students smashed up the offices of the daily *Pusan Ilbo* to show their displeasure with a story condemning student demonstrations. And in the port city of Mokpo, 500 tax-hating merchants discovered that while they had been sacking the local revenue office, their own shops had been burned down by



VINOBA BHAVE AT A PRAYER MEETING
"Whoever wants to can wash."

T.S. Satyan

"dacoits" in official places. His most distinguished camp follower, Major General Yadunath Singh, onetime military secretary to Indian President Rajendra Prasad, mounted a bicycle and pedaled back into the gullies toicker personally with dacoit leaders. To avoid intimidating dacoits who might want to come in, Bhawe ordered police to stay away from his camp.

The change seemed miraculous. By two and three, black-mustached dacoits began drifting in, lugging high-powered rifles, hand grenades and thousands of rounds of ammunition. In the biggest haul, eleven former members of the outlaw band of famed Man Singh, mowed down in a pitched battle with police in 1955, strode into the prayer meeting a fortnight ago and hailed Bhawe as "baba" or saint. Over each Bhawe prayed: "Let him be a true follower of God."

Synthetic Miracle. Late last month, as Bhawe turned over to police a batch of 20 dacoits, emotional India went on a

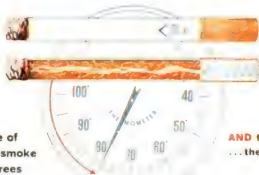
nine years ago. Bhawe found himself under heavy attack. Dryly, the *Times of India* noted that ten times as many dacoits had surrendered to police in the three years previous. From Madhya Pradesh Police Inspector-General K. F. Rustomji came the bitter charge that Bhawe's criticisms of the police had weakened their morale and heartened the dacoits, with the result that the crime rate in the ravines was on the rise. In acid agreement, the *Hindustan Times* summed up: "If Bhawe's mission was a miracle, it was a synthetic one, for whatever results have been achieved, the price has been disproportionately heavy."

TIBET

Revolt Without Flight

In the first months after Red China's savage suppression of last year's Tibetan revolt, flight was the order of the day. More than 18,000 Tibetan refugees, including the Dalai Lama, poured into India alone.

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1,000 shrieking stevedores, enraged by alleged "profitsteering."

Room at the Top. Prime targets for assault were the chastened army command and the caretaker government of Acting President Huh Chung. Outraged that Huh had arranged Hawaiian exile for fallen President Syngman Rhee (TIME, June 6), student mobs marched in Taegu and Seoul last week, chanting "Huh Chung, quit!" Answered Huh: "I could not refuse this unfortunate old man a passport. Besides, I thought his departure would help clear up rumors of counter-revolution."

Cynically fostering an army purge are many of South Korea's 3,700 youthful lieutenant colonels and colonels, who make \$63 monthly or less, and would like to see some vacancies at the top—where, as some of them candidly admit, the opportunities for graft are better. Posturing heroically on street corners, they charge the generals with everything from taking bribes from draft evaders to delivering the vote of entire ROK army divisions to the Rhee ticket in last March's fraudulent elections. Counters U.S. General Carter B. Magruder, who as U.N. commander is responsible for South Korea's defenses against the Communist North: "No military force can tolerate having senior officers forced out of service by junior officers without completely losing its effectiveness." As for "irregularities in the past," he adds, "those same junior officers maintained silence or even participated." But last week, pressure from below forced the resignation of the chairman of the ROK joint chiefs of staff, and a "reshuffle" of other general officers was threatened.

Modest Aim. Rhee's old civilian hierarchy had it tougher. Eight of Rhee's eleven Cabinet ministers were indicted last week on charges of election fraud, and also in jail or under questioning were a Supreme Court judge, two former police directors, two bank governors, three provincial governors, an ex-mayor of Seoul and 21 other high-ranking officials of Rhee's Liberal Party. Former Defense Minister Shin Sung Mo, accused of involvement in political assassinations, fell dead of a stroke in the midst of his interrogation. In the National Assembly, 104 out of 138 Liberal members declared that they were now independents "in the spirit of the revolution," and all across the country, police stations organized "public hearing committees," where grievances real or imagined, could be aired against the old regime.

President Huh's modest aim is to maintain a semblance of public order and to keep the discredited Assembly alive long enough to write a new constitution and dissolve for elections. So far Huh has gotten his way with the Assembly by threatening to resign if balked, a device that has worked chiefly because nobody else wants to assume his thankless job. But whether it will continue to work is anybody's guess. Says one Korean moderate nervously: "If the Assembly dissolves before the new constitution becomes law, there will be no authority left in this country but the squabbling army."

JAPAN

Tightening the Screws

On June 10, the day Dwight Eisenhower is scheduled to arrive in Tokyo, Japan's revised, ten-year security pact with the U.S. will automatically become law—provided that the Japanese Diet is still in session. Last week, as the capstone of their fanatical drive to kill the treaty, the 165 members of the Diet's Socialist minority solemnly vowed to resign en masse, a move that they hoped would simultaneously force immediate dissolution of the Diet and topple the government of Premier Nobusuke Kishi. To supplement these "parliamentary tactics," the Socialists screwed up to more frenzied pitch than ever their fortnight-old cam-

to Kabuki actors.* the mob included one group whose banner bore a likeness of Christ; true to the left-wing bias common among students at missionary-founded schools in the Far East, a contingent even showed up from St. Paul's University, partially supported by the U.S. Episcopal Church.

On to Hagerly. Few of the marchers knew or cared that the new treaty actually increases Japanese control over U.S. bases (TIME, June 6). They were mainly out to get Kishi by whatever means. Nobody professed hatred for Eisenhower, but *Sohyo* Secretary General Akira Iwai warned: "If he comes at this time, the anti-Kishi feeling will be directed at him as well." When Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty arrives to work out



TOKYO MOB STORMING PREMIER'S RESIDENCE
For every mob member, 1,000 yen.

paign of violent demonstrations against Kishi and the Eisenhower visit.

Dear Students. For a start, a student mob stormed Kishi's Tokyo residence, where 300 police waited nervously under a green flag reading "Dear Students, Please Do Not Enter." The mob pulled down an iron gate, temporarily captured five riot trucks and launched a lusty exchange of stickwork that left 83 policemen and 20 students injured. Next targets were the railway stations, where the students joined the big Red-tainted labor union *Sohyo* in setting up a general strike for the following morning. The method: strangling commuter traffic by kidnapping motormen.

All through the predawn hours, the mob squatted on the tracks, stopped 650 trains, and hustled the motormen away in taxis, consoling each captive with a 1,000-yen note (15:50), which a *Sohyo* organizer peeled from a thick wad of bills in his hand. With traffic effectively halted, mobs snake-danced through the streets, paraded past the Diet and the U.S. embassy, shouting "Down with Kishi" and "Eisenhower don't come." Ranging from Communists

advance arrangements, added Iwai, "We will make him the target of a May Day-scale demonstration to persuade him that the trip be canceled." But, as of early this week, the trip was still on.

As much as anything else, Kishi's political survival was threatened by rival leaders in his own Liberal-Democratic Party, who see the time as one of opportunity for their own political advancement rather than as a crisis for Japan. "Kishi should quit immediately," said one group of Liberal Democratic wheeler-dealers after a flurry of meetings last week. And when the Premier approached Japan's N.A.M., the powerful Federation of Economic Organizations, for \$250,000 to publicize his stand, he was turned away with the remark: "Money is hard to come by these days." Nonetheless, at week's end Kishi grimly went on television and announced once more his determination to stick. "If I resigned under pressure of violence," he said, "democracy in Japan would be destroyed."

* But many of the stars were in the U.S. for their roles in performances (see THEATRE)

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Three Years After

"I am here simply as a friend from a friendly country," said Canadian Prime Minister John Diefenbaker last week as he arrived in Washington for a 21-hour visit with President Eisenhower. His words were the more welcome by contrast with the insults streaming in from Moscow. At the White House Dief and Ike conferred for 4 hours, and at a black-tie dinner both toasted the warmth of U.S.-Canadian relations—which are all the warmer because they have been brought about on Canada's side by a leader who is avowedly a Canada-firster.

Three years ago this week Diefenbaker, a prairie lawyer who had been a perennial election loser, shook his bony forefinger at the electorate and won from them an upset Conservative victory over the powerful and complacent Liberals. What the voters seemed to expect from Diefenbaker was a truer national identity. This independence demanded "standing up to the Americans," as Diefenbaker put it.

Out of Balance. How well has he succeeded? In matters of economic dependence, and in the capacity for an independent defense, he has clearly done less well than he hoped. Yet with bustling energy, much of it spent in world travel, Diefenbaker has advanced Canada toward a clearer sense of nationhood, and he has the country behind him.

Before the election of 1957, John Diefenbaker promised to shift Canada's foreign trade away from the U.S. and toward Britain; to bring foreign trade into balance; to increase ownership of enterprises controlled from abroad; to balance the budget and to end unemployment. None of these goals have come true.

❑ U.S. sales to Canada have increased from \$3.4 billion in 1958 to \$3.7 billion last year, while British sales rose from \$158 million to \$208 million.

❑ Canada's balance of payments deficit shot to a peak of \$1.46 billion last year (7:30 billion in 1956).

❑ Diefenbaker ran up the two most lavish deficits in Canadian history: to pay for campaign-promised high social welfare and farm payments and to get his "vision" of national development on the road.

❑ Though Diefenbaker pledged that "so long as I am Prime Minister, no one who is unemployed will suffer," the latest count of unemployed—suffering or otherwise—showed 327,000 jobless, 8.1% of the labor force (3.7% in the U.S.).

In an era when the cost, the size and the sophistication of arms have advanced so fast that small nations can fairly question whether they should try to keep up at all, Diefenbaker has floundered on defense policy. Hoping that a cold-war thaw would make arms less necessary immediately, he left Canada to be defended with obsolete, 600 m.p.h. CF-100 interceptors while buying future defense

on the Bomarc-B anti-aircraft missile. He stood by Bomarc as the bird failed in seven successive tests at Cape Canaveral—only to have the U.S. House of Representatives slash the Bomarc program.

Personal Impressions. If Canadian voters worry about unemployment, they do not seem to be much aroused about the Tories' performance on defense. It is in his personal and political acts that the Prime Minister has most impressed his countrymen. Confident, eloquent, dominant, he conveys a proud but not jingoistic Canadianism.

He thrives—and gains weight—traveling; he has probably logged a greater mileage in and out of Canada in his three years in office than any previous Prime Minister. He dominates his Cabinet. He



DIEFENBAKER & FRIEND
A clearer sense of nationhood.

does not smoke, so no one else does in the Cabinet chamber.

His "fellow Canadians" (as he likes to address them) have noticed a change in Diefenbaker's recent television appearances. Gone is the rolling oratory. The Prime Minister now sits quietly behind a desk and speaks in even tones with, as the Vancouver *Province* noted, "little trace of the evangelist exhorting his flock" that was once his style.

Few doubt that Diefenbaker's momentum will carry him through another election and the most recent Gallup poll backs the majority up. The May poll showed the Tories holding steady with 48% support to the Liberals' 37% and the Socialist CCF's 15%. Less conclusive, perhaps, but the sort of news Diefenbaker takes to heart was another Gallup poll. Of eleven countries polled, Canadians owned up to being the happiest.

THE AMERICAS

Banker Uncle Sam

Latin Americans who look north to the U.S. for the funds that they need to build their way out of backwardness inevitably focus on the U.S. Government's biggest single source of foreign-development capital, the Export-Import Bank of Washington. What they find is a bank that this year is lending seven times as much development capital as it did a decade ago, a bank that takes the risks that Wall Street shuns—yet a businesslike bank that holds to hard-loan standards.

The Export-Import Bank was chartered in Depression-struck 1934 to help finance U.S. exports, and a provision was included that all loans to foreign nations must be spent on U.S. exports. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Bank Founder Jesse Jones primarily intended that the bank should finance trade with the Soviet Union, but this deal fell through when Russia refused to refinance its public and private debts to the U.S. The first Ex-Im loan then went to Cuba to finance the minting of Cuban silver coins in the U.S.

Ups & Downs. From the start, the bank lived up to the letter of its charter requirement to make loans only if there was a "reasonable" chance of repayment. It grew from an initial lending capacity of \$11 million to today's \$2 billion. After World War II, when the Marshall Plan took over the rebuilding of Europe, Ex-Im concentrated on Latin America. Of the \$2.3 billion it has lent so far, \$2.6 billion has gone to Latin America—more than to any other region of the world, and far more than the total \$430 million lent to Latin America by the other major, official U.S. lending institutions, i.e., the International Cooperation Administration and the Development Loan Fund.

The bank kept on growing until 1953, when economy-minded Treasury Secretary George Humphrey tried to liquidate it in order to get the Government out of the banking business. After 1954 loan disbursements dropped rapidly. By 1956 Indiana's Republican Senator Homer Capehart had managed to convince Secretary Humphrey that Ex-Im's soundness and buy-U.S. policy helped U.S. industry without being a giveaway and disbursements began a new climb.

The Charter Stretchers. Ex-Im's current president is Samuel Clark Waugh, 72, a Lincoln, Neb. banker who took over in 1957. Under Waugh, loans last year hit a record \$255.0 million. Waugh has stretched his charter a bit to keep Ex-Im operations flexible. Sample: massive stabilization loans (\$100 million to Mexico, \$25 million to Chile) are not meant to be spent but to give a psychological lift to a currency threatened by inflation or devaluation. But further than that Waugh will not go, or even look. "I'm a lender, not a giver," he says, and he proudly claims a default rate of less than 1%. The bank

has reserves of over \$600 million, and an uncommitted lending balance of more than \$5 billion.

Through the hemisphere, those nation builders who have managed to get their economies into the sound shape that meets Ex-Im's approval call the bank "one of the most successful instruments of U.S. foreign policy." Typical accomplishments include Brazil's Volta Redonda steel plant, an overhaul of the Mexican Railways, and, currently, a pair of Boeing 707s for Brazil's Varig Airlines. Other voices complain that Ex-Im's hard-loan policies represent a disregard for the risks that ought to be run and the money that ought to be spent in a massive effort to confront Latin American problems. Waugh himself is ardently convinced that slow, sound and bankable is the way to build.

The Haves & Have-Not's

In the plain-spoken letter that prompted visiting President Eisenhower to invite him and six of his friends to see the U.S. for themselves, Chilean University Student Patricio Fernández drew a bitter contrast. He compared the failure of the U.S. to finance the economic development of Latin America with "the initiative of the U.S. and its immense sacrifices in Europe—the Marshall Plan." Last week, as the Chileans finished their tour of the U.S., they made it plain that they had come, seen and not been conquered.

Fernández and his friends think that "the key to understanding the current world situation is recognition that man has entered the period of the most intense, widespread revolutionary activity in his long history," and that the revolution's cause is the disparity between the high U.S. standard of living and the low standard of 1.8 billion hungry have-nots, including Latin Americans.

In this mood they traveled the U.S. from San Francisco to Manhattan, touching at Philadelphia, Albuquerque, Pittsburgh, Chicago and Washington. They were stuffed with facts about the U.S. educational system, fraternity houses, cement plants, free enterprise, soil-conservation projects and a calendar printing plant. They were briefed by State Department officials and rebriefed by professors, Rotarians and students of Hispanic affairs.

In Washington at journey's end, the students made it clear at a press conference that their brains had not been washed. They still had the questions (and preconceptions) they arrived with, and said they had got no satisfactory answers. Sample: "Why does the U.S. not grant credits for fundamental government-owned industries like petroleum? Why has not the U.S. come anywhere near fulfilling our basic necessities?"

At week's end they flew to Cuba, where Fernández pleased a television audience by saying that "the Cuban revolution represents a hope for the peoples of Latin America," but made clear that the U.S. visit was "pretty good, because we had absolute freedom to converse with the personalities we wanted to talk to."



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CUBA

Khrushchev Is Coming

Ever since Christopher Columbus' first voyage, Cuba has been a stepping-stone to Latin America, and last week Nikita Khrushchev prepared to set foot there. Invited by Fidel Castro to visit Cuba, the Soviet chief accepted "with gratitude." He did not set a date for his trip—apparently in hope of getting other invitations that would take him to the island too.

His chance of a warm official welcome elsewhere is slight. All the major Latin American Presidents—Argentina's Frondizi, Mexico's López Mateos, Brazil's Kubitschek, Venezuela's Betancourt, Chile's Alessandri, Colombia's Lleras Camargo—are authentic, elected democrats, friendly to the U.S. and fearful of letting Khrushchev get a foothold in the Western Hemisphere. But though Latin America is gifted with many mature and responsible top officials, it also has masses of poor and illiterate people whose grievances can be exploited. From his platform in Cuba, Khrushchev undoubtedly hopes to talk to them over the heads of their leaders.

The Cold Shoulder

Cuba's President Osvaldo Dorticos on tour of South America last week, was getting a small hello in diplomatic circles everywhere. But Dorticos seemed willing to take the snubs for the chance to talk to crowds.

In Buenos Aires, his first stop, where he was ostentatiously an honored guest at Argentina's 120th birthday celebration, Dorticos slipped away to confer secretly with chiefs of the anti-government Peronista Metal Workers' Union.

In Uruguay, Dorticos was flatly warned that his plan to address a street rally could be regarded as interference in its internal affairs. Bolivia's government somehow delayed extending an invitation so long that it was too late for him to accept. Peru shifted Dorticos' arrival to a distant military airfield and barred welcomes. Chile refused to admit him. Venezuela's President Rómulo Betancourt sent his Foreign Minister to intercept the Cuban President in Buenos Aires and persuade him to stay away because his trip "was not convenient." Dorticos rejoined that he would visit Caracas unless Betancourt publicly barred him. Betancourt then cut Dorticos' scheduled stop from five days to one.

Dorticos, the indefatigable tourist, was removed. Everywhere he went he got a little anti-U.S. propaganda. This led to Washington's angriest note so far to Fidel Castro's Cuba. Citing Dorticos' public declaration in Montevideo that property of U.S. citizens had not been confiscated but was fairly paid for, the Department of State said: "To our knowledge not a single American property owner has been reimbursed." Washington listed eight other instances of Cuba's "intense official campaign of slander" against the U.S., among them Economic Czar

"Che" Guevara's statement that the U.S.'s \$100 million-a-year sugar subsidy to Cuba was actually a "form of slavery." Cuba rejected the U.S. protest.

HAITI

Wrapped in Old Glory

Getting dress material that is sturdy and cheap is the perennial problem of the penniless Haitian peasant women. Traditionally old flour sacks have filled the need. Now cloth dealers in Port-au-Prince have found a bountiful new supply of material: surplus U.S. 48- and 49-star flags. From shore to shore the island is fought with dresses, shirts and kerchiefs in the stars-and-stripes in peasant houses.



STREET SCENE IN PORT-AU-PRINCE

red, white and blue serves for sheets, pillow cases and tablecloths.

Purchased from Manhattan dealers, the uncut bolts of flags, generally the small 48-star kind, are retailing for about \$10 a yard. Port-au-Prince cloth merchants alone have already sold the equivalent of more than 1,000,000 Old Glories. Dealer Pierre Assad, who bought the flag material from Manhattan's Philip Rothman at 1 1/2 a yard, also has bolts and bolts of Hungarian and Polish cloth but says the U.S. flag "is beating the hell out of the Communist material."

Though no longer useful for flags, the stars and stripes on shirts and sheets strike visiting U.S. tourists as desecration. In Washington last week Oregon Congressman Charles O. Porter introduced a bill to stop the manufacture, sale or gift of any type of U.S. flag where its use might "cast contempt" upon the country go through, but until then, Haiti's poverty-stricken country will continue to look like a Navy recruiting poster.



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PEOPLE

In the July-dated issue of *Motion Picture*, Hollywood Gossipist Hedda Hopper wrote a bare-fanged "open letter" to Cinematress **Marilyn Monroe**. Excerpt:

"Have you a complex about losing babies? You lost two unborn children, one in 1948 and the other in 1950. Is it true that in sorrow you even put vodka into your bouillon? * Marilyn, don't drink... It won't bring back the baby."

Ill lay: **Mamie Eisenhower**, 63, recovering in Washington's Walter Reed Army Medical Center from an attack of acute asthmatic bronchitis, an illness that has plagued her previously and may prevent her accompanying Ike on his Far East tour this week. Philadelphia Builder John B. Kelly Sr., 70, mending after an operation for intestinal adhesions and buoyed up by a visit from his daughter, **Princess Grace of Monaco**; **Eugene Dennis**, 54, chairman of the Communist Party in the U.S., bedded in a Manhattan hospital after surgery for lung cancer. Cinematographer **Gary Cooper**, 59, whose prospects for recovery were "good" after he underwent major intestinal surgery for an undisclosed ailment in a Hollywood hospital.

In the years following her rise from a Pizzardi slum, Italian Cinematress **Sophia Loren** accumulated fame, fortune and upwards of \$500,000 worth of jewelry. Last week in England she had fame, fortune—and only her wedding ring, which she wore when she left a rented chalet near London and drove to meet her husband at the airport. In her absence crooks invaded the chalet, escaped the notice of three occupants, swiped all her

It's a mistake that, once it could be known as a brother.



DIARIST LOREN

Waiting for the milestones.

other gems. Wailed Sophia, currently working on a movie version of Shaw's *The Millionaire*: "It is so unjust. My jewels meant so much to me. They were a diary of my success, each one a milestone. They were proof that I would never be poor again."

Britain's honeymooning **Princess Margaret**, shipmate of Photographer Antony Armstrong-Jones on the royal yacht *Britannia*, was still dreamily island-hopping in the Caribbean amidst swaying rhythms, dusky skins and steel bands. Landing at Dominica, largest of the Windward Islands, Margaret and Tony had hoped to motor about quietly. But the islanders—some 1,000 of them—turned out in force to cheer them and presser



HONEYMOONER JONES

Dreaming amidst the cheer.

the princess with a bouquet as wild as her unruly locks. The half-royal couple will return to Britain next week leaving behind a wistful rumor that Margaret may be the next Governor General of the two-year-old West Indies Federation.

"Depressed" by the public reaction over his partnership in a Manhattan public relations firm that made a \$250,000 deal with Fidel Castro to promote U.S. Negro tourism in Cuba (*TIME*, June 8), ex-Heavyweight Boxing Champion **Joe Louis**, a paunchy 46, announced that he will quit the firm unless it cancels its Cuban contract immediately.

The net estate of Sportsman **William Woodward Jr.**, shotgunned to death in 1955 when his wife Ann mistook him for a burglar, was disclosed in Manhattan to amount to \$9,127,026. Costs of Woodward's funeral and administrative expenses topped a whopping \$1,030,840 off



HEIRESS WOODWARD

Abstaining from the whirl.

the gross estate. Ann Woodward, 43, and her two sons, William III, 15, and James 11, each get the income from a third of the residuary estate. Ann, who has not remarried and largely abstains from the Manhattan social whirl these days, also got a cash bequest of \$2,500.

With his White House hopes, never bright, all but gone now, New Jersey's two-term Democratic Governor **Robert B. Meyner** is making other plans for his political future. Asked what he will do when his gubernatorial term expires in 1962, Meyner barred by law from succeeding himself, wryly looked ahead. "Inasmuch as there's been so much speculation on the subject, I want to disclose that I'm thinking of having Mrs. Meyner run for Governor while I entertain tourists at the Governor's mansion."

The world's No. 1 mountaineer, New Zealand's **Sir Edmund Hillary**, crouched shakily inside a red, draw-tight Himalaya tent with a fierce wind howling outside. But Hillary was atop no sky-piercing peak. He reposed in relative comfort on the gravel roof of Chicago's monster Merchandise Mart, which he had ascended by elevator. Cameras clicked and newsmen popped questions. The press-spectacular was arranged by the World Book Encyclopedia, whose public relations director had sold his services on sponsoring (for about \$200,000) Hillary's next Himalaya expedition in September.

From Washington the New York *Herald Tribune's* Earl Mazo reported a yarn that illustrates the conviction of the Kennedy family that Jack will be the next President of the U.S. On the night of Democratic Candidate Kennedy's victory over Hubert Humphrey in the West Virginia primary, Crooner **Frank Sinatra**, popularizer of a Kennedy campaign song



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that parodies Sinatra's recording of *High Hopes*, telephoned Jack's sister **Pat** in London to relay the glad tidings. "Guess what?" cried Sinatra. "Oh, I know," replied Pat. "We'll be rolling eggs on the White House lawn next Easter."

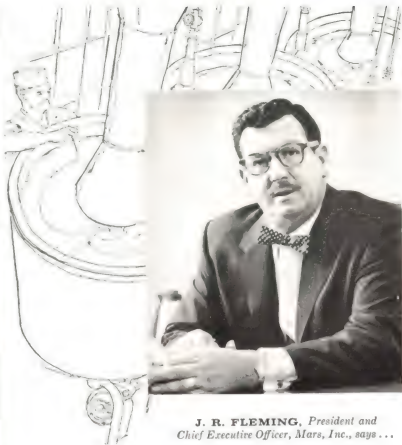
When Nikita Khrushchev withdrew his invitation to Dwight Eisenhower to visit the U.S.S.R., it was assumed that Grandson **David Eisenhower**, 12, also invited by K., along with Ike's other three grandchildren, was just another social casualty of the unsocial summitry. Though it is all academic now, it developed last week that David would not have made the trip anyway. Reason: David talked over his dilemma with grandpa, decided



INFILDER EISENHOWER
K. couldn't kid him.

that Little League baseball was more important to him than going to Russia. Playing for the Moose team of the Gettysburg Little League, David is the regular second baseman, sometimes pitcher.

Why is **Sugar Ray Robinson** at 40 still the world's most feared middleweight boxer? Hoping to find out, London *Daily Express* sportswriter Desmond Hackett visited Robinson at his Harlem bistro, popped the question. In reply, Boxer Robinson, who hopes to win back his title this week in Boston, produced a one-gallon can, lectured. "This may sound gruesome, but it is scientifically ethical. This container holds beef blood, which I have delivered each week from the slaughterhouse. I drink three cups a day whenever I am preparing for a fight, and I obtain the maximum vitamins this way. This way I can fight, if I so wish, for another five years."



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MUSIC

Bel Canto Booster

"You were wonderful," said Maria Callas, "but you owe something to me, you know. After all, I persuaded you to sing roles like Lucia." She was speaking to a big, square-jawed Australian woman named Joan Sutherland, a former secretary who has won a sudden but solid reputation in the Bellini-Donizetti territory that Callas calls her own. Last week Soprano Sutherland, 33, was appearing at Britain's stylish Glyndebourne Festival in Bellini's *I Puritani*. On the lawn at intermission, as they were consuming their



SOPRANO SUTHERLAND
Comparison with the incomparable Maria.

hamper-packed chicken-in-aspic suppers, members of the black-tied audience buzzed that Joan could already stand comparison with the incomparable Maria.

Puritani takes place in Cromwell's England, where the Cavalier hero daringly dupes the Roundheads, but in the process is forced to abandon his betrothed, Elvira, who goes insane. Soprano Sutherland's triumph last week was that she made her audience overlook the opera's gothic absurdities and focus on its moments of real beauty, including Elvira's pre-wedding aria, "*Son virgin vedova*," and her splendid "*Qui la voce mio*," which introduces a mad scene every bit as effective as the more famous one in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Her voice was precise, agile, light-textured and luminous. The London *Times* praised her "extraordinary sense of tune," and the *Daily Mail* found in her performance at "almost intolerable" beauty.

Oddly enough, Soprano Sutherland started out in an entirely different style, hoping to be a Wagnerian singer. The daughter of a Sydney tailor, she took her first voice lessons from her mother, a

"nonprofessional mezzo-soprano," won a number of local competitions and with the prize money decamped for London. At Covent Garden auditions, she learned that the Wagner repertory was not for her: "My voice really isn't heavy enough for that, and I soon understood that I'd been forcing it along a road that was wrong for it."

She heeded the advice of her Australian husband, Richard Bonyng, began concentrating on coloratura parts and on the little-performed 18th century Italian *bel canto* repertory. Now, on the living-room wall of her Kensington home, Soprano Sutherland has a picture of one of her idols—Singer Elizabeth Weichsel Billington, reputedly the mistress of George IV, who almost singlehandedly brought *bel canto* opera to popularity in England in the early 19th century. Joan Sutherland sees no reason why she cannot perform the same service in the 20th century. "I will be happy," says she, "if I can just sing in every opera Bellini ever wrote."

The Unsung Melodists

Not many art buffs recall Charles Willson Peale's oil painting, *Exhuming the First American Mastodon* (1804-05), nor do many readers know Royall Tyler's novel, *The Algerine Captive*; or, *The Life and Adventures of Dr. Uplike Underhill*.

Much American music of that period is equally obscure, but equally evocative in its titles and equally appealing to the imagination (it even had a chance, Manhattan's Society for the Preservation of the American Musical Heritage is providing that chance in a series of recordings, giving voice to some 25 little-known U.S. composers. As introduced by Conductor Karl Krueger (formerly of the Detroit Symphony), they all emerge as competent musicians and several give glimpses of sizable talent. Among the more interesting unsung melodists:

❑ Alexander Reinagle (1756-1809), one of the most prolific of the lot, is represented by his *Sonata in E Major for Early Piano*, a witty, effervescent work that combines points with economy and style. Born in England, Reinagle was an early admirer and close friend of both Karl Philipp Bach and Haydn, and his works bear the marks of their influence even after he emigrated to America at 10. A popular recitalist who played frequently for George Washington, Reinagle also penned out a quantity of popular music—*America, Commerce and Freedom*—and a comic opera, *The Landlady*.

❑ Joseph Gehot (1760-1822) was a Belgian-born composer and pianist who made his living fiddling at the City Concert in Philadelphia. Strongly addicted to program music, he celebrated his departure for America when in his 30s by composing a twelve-part overture describing the voyage and including such detailed movement headings as "Going on board and pleasure at recollecting the encouragement [the traveller] hopes to meet

with in a land where merit is sure to gain reward." Gehot is represented in the series by his *Quartetto in D Major*, a pleasant if rather bland work with a folksy, hey-nony-nonnish air. Among Gehot's other works: a comic opera (titled *The Maid's Last Shift*, or *Any Rather Than Fail*).

❑ Charles Tomlinson Griffes (1884-1920) wrote only a handful of works in his 36 years, but at the time of his death, shortly after the Boston Symphony gave the premiere of his *Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan*, he was already regarded as a daring and promising talent. A teacher all his life (at New York's Hackley School for boys), he began composing under French impressionist influence, became fascinated by Javanese music, and incorporated the Ori-



COMPOSER GOTTSCHALK
Voice for the forgotten.

ental influence in such five- and six-note-scale works as *In a Myrtle Shade* and *Kiki*. His talent, as shown in recordings of *Nocturno for Orchestra* and *Three Tom Pianos for Double Quintet and Piano*, was for richly colored works with strongly shifting rhythms that convey an almost trance-like effect.

❑ Louis Moreau Gottschalk (1829-69) was the first U.S. composer to be noticed abroad. Born in New Orleans of a Jewish father and Creole mother, Gottschalk studied piano with Herzog in Paris, quickly becoming such a success that a concert pianist that Barnum offered him \$20,000 for a year's tour (Gottschalk refused). Playing numbers like *Le Drapeau*, *Poet* and *The Last Hope*, he moved the female members of his audiences to charge the stage and rip to shreds the white gloves he wore. His recorded compositions for piano are typically bravura numbers, full of glittering runs and flashy climaxes and with little of the charm of such compositions as *The Banjo*, *Bamboula*, and *Ono Crêole*, in which Gottschalk used exotic Creole, Latin American and Negro folk melodies and rhythms.



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Now Wheeling Steel has taken another giant step forward. Its entirely new \$40-million mill is producing improved *Ductillite*. For the first time, too, *Ductillite* is available in coils and a wider range of sizes, thereby permitting other economies in can making. There's no doubt about it—the future of "tin" cans is brighter than ever! Wheeling Steel Corporation, Wheeling, West Virginia.

IT'S WHEELING STEEL!



*Management's
new language
of measurement
and control*

1



FEEDBACK

● The universal pattern for self-control

● You'll find this sequence—which is changing the face of industry—in biology . . . economics . . . government . . . all the sciences

Strange as it seems, *error* is usually indispensable to control. Continual correction of errors is the method by which nature, men and machines perform automatic, high-precision tasks. An attempt at *absolute* precision would be disastrous for the acrobat pictured at left. Only by deviating from the vertical can he put into operation the forces that will keep him *sufficiently* near the vertical. This self-control process we call **FEEDBACK**.

The tight-rope walker senses a deviation. His 'control center' starts a corrective action which will eventually produce a new, opposite deviation—which he will sense, correct, and so on. This cycle is a **CLOSED LOOP** of measuring, communicating and change-producing events.

Feedback isn't the only possible basis of control. Consider, for example, the problem of keeping a car within its lane on a highway. We accomplish this through feedback—by making small corrections and re-corrections within the limits of the lane.

A. feedback control



However, it would be possible to study the contour of a length of road and design a cam to act upon the steering mechanism in such a way that the car would follow this contour automatically.

This is an **OPEN LOOP** OF CALIBRATED

CONTROL. It's only useful in *predictable* situations. And because it doesn't *anticipate* errors, any deviations which occur tend to multiply one another. Our cam-equipped car, therefore, might trace out a path like this:

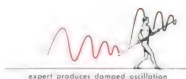
B. open loop control



The superiority of error-induced feedback in this situation is obvious.

The behavior of Car A illustrates an important aspect of feedback—the tendency to produce **OSCILLATION** . . . sometimes called 'cycling' or 'hunting'. It occurs when there's a time-lag between the sensing of error and the corrective action. The *kind* of oscillation produced usually determines the effectiveness of a feedback system.

A novice driver—who overcorrects his steering—would produce an **UNSTABLE** oscillation; each successive error would be greater than the last—until the car left its lane. A barely competent driver, producing a **STABLE** oscillation, would keep his lane, but reach its left and right limits repeatedly. An expert driver would produce a **DAMPED** oscillation; any disturbance in the car's position would result in a series of diminishing corrections—approaching closer and closer to the ideal. We would experience these differences very forcefully if we tried to imitate the tight-rope walker.



The principle of feedback is the cornerstone of automated industry. Every day, more sophisticated applications are developed. But the considerations outlined above are always *basic* to the design of a self-regulating machine—whether it's a thermostatically-controlled furnace . . . a demand-controlled electric power system . . . a blood-pressure-controlled anesthesia apparatus. A second Industrial Revolution is in the making—largely due to this one simple concept.

The aircraft instruments pictured here suggest just one of the thousands of applications in which you'll find

DAYSTROM equipment at the heart of a feedback-control system. Whether the problem is one of automatic control of a plane's course, altitude and engine performance . . . or any other mechanical, electrical or electronic control function . . . in or outside of industry . . . you'll find the **DIVISIONS** of DAYSTROM best-equipped to solve it.



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THE PRESS

Biting Back

In the weeks before their 1960 presidential primary, West Virginians got plenty fed up with outside newsmen who toured their state and wrote shocked reports of its backwardness and bigotry. The article that seemed to irritate them the most appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* and described West Virginia as a "schizophrenic" state, populated by hillbillies, with an "enormous" illiteracy rate and "a higher ratio of illegitimate white babies than any other state." Last week West Virginia bit back: to Philadelphia, the *Saturday Evening Post's* home town, went a reporter-photographer team from the *Charleston Daily Mail*. Result: a two-part piece on America's "filthy cradle of liberty."

Tramping Philadelphia's streets, the *Mailmen* found and photographed debris-spilled back yards, trash-littered alleys, garbage-lined gutters and ramshackle out-houses. "Putting it bluntly," wrote Reporter Charlie Connor, "much of Philadelphia stinks." He noted that 2,200,000 Philadelphians are crammed into a 127-sq.-mi. area as against 2,000,000 West Virginians inhabiting 24,181 square miles. "Therein lie a lot of Philadelphia's pains," wrote Connor. "It's like having all the pain in one big toe, whereas West Virginia, at least, has its aches spread over all its toes."

Where the *Saturday Evening Post* had written sadly of West Virginia's hungry hillbilly children, the *Daily Mail* found its own pathetic Philadelphia. It front-paged the plight of 15-year-old Ricky Westcott, an 87-lb. shoeshine boy with a stomach ulcer, who worked the city's streets until late at night to buy the food his destitute family could not provide.



SHOESHINE BOY WESTCOTT
Let's go fishing.

The boy had one great desire: "I'd sure like to go hunting and fishing in West Virginia." An invitation to underwrite his expenses was soon forthcoming, and with it a friendly letter from West Virginia's Governor Cecil H. Underwood.

One of the Few

"I'm really ashamed of editorial cartooning in America," says Paul Conrad. "There are over 150 cartoonists, but you can count the good ones on the fingers of one hand."

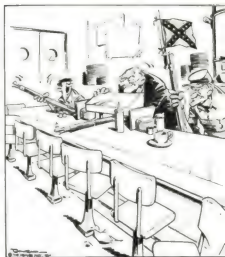
On anyone's hand Paul Conrad, 35, editorial cartoonist of the *Denver Post*, counts as one of the fingered few, and is probably the nation's hottest new cartooning property. He has already been given a semiformal anointment as the heir apparent to the *Washington Post* and *Times Herald's* brilliant and club-wielding Herbert Block ("Herb Block"). Since January, a Conrad cartoon has gone out each week, together with five Herb Blocks, to the 200 newspapers in Herb Block's syndication.

No Talking Balloons. But Conrad is far different from Herb Block. His cartoons are no fast-swept, brutal assaults. Conrad combines meticulous attention to detail with the powerful punch of simplicity. Hours of painstaking research go into a Conrad cartoon, with the result that a Conrad locomotive, for example, really looks like a locomotive—and could pass the technical muster of any engineer. A Conrad cartoon is readily digested at a glance. That glance, he feels certain, is all the reader will give it: "I figure eight seconds is the absolute maximum time anyone should have." Talking balloons almost never drift above the heads of his characters, who are generally so identifiable that they need no name tags; his captions are either commendably short or absent altogether.

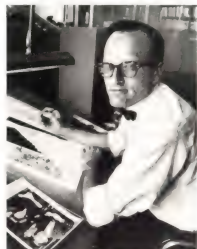
Although he was born and raised a Republican, Conrad's personal enthusiasms are presently those of an Adlai Stevenson Democrat. He voted for Dwight Eisenhower in 1952, has since made Ike appear as a progressively older and near-senile sort. Admonished by his editors, Conrad replies: "I consulted a doctor. He said that it's perfectly logical for a man's appearance to change that way as he grows older." Besides, says Conrad, "the way I draw him, he is perfectly recognizable." Conrad can make Republican Richard Nixon look ridiculous without making him a Herb Block subspecies. Similarly, he can show his own favorite, Stevenson, as a hilariously Mona Lisa.

"**Stoic Mod.**" Says the *Post's* Managing Editor Robert Lucas of Conrad: "Paul's always been admonished to be fair in what he says, and not to get typed as hard left or hard right." Within that limitation, Conrad does pretty much as he pleases, and does not care for cartoon suggestions from his bosses.

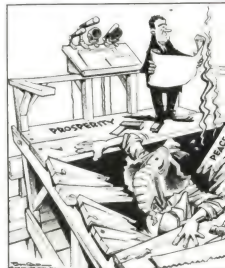
Conrad's success is in no small part due to his own carefully considered ideas about his techniques—and the limitations



THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS WHITE



CARTOONIST CONRAD
No balloons above the head.



PLATFORM COMMITTEE



How gay Europe is in the Fall !

WHAT a whirl of fun you could have in Europe this Fall! The crowds have left, the Europeans are enjoying *their own* season. Your trip will be filled with the color of brilliant festivals, The Opera, Theatre. Even the weather's fine, as you see in this Basque Square, where a dancer pirouettes from a wine glass without spilling a drop. Yes, Fall is the time for excitement.

No trouble about hotels, either. Take your pick of rooms. And, believe it or not, at lower rates. The money you save will come in handy for bargain-hunting! And speaking of bargains, after October 1st, BOAC will offer a new 17-day Fall Excursion Fare. As little as \$320 Round-Trip Economy Class from New York, and zoom! you're in London. You'll fly aboard the world-famous jet-prop Britannia, too. Or, for slightly more, you can choose the Intercontinental 707 with Rolls-Royce power or the pure-jet Comet.

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So, if your vacation plans haven't jelled, why not give Europe a whirl this Fall? Or even change your plans...for the fun of it! There's so much to see, to do. So many special events. And in any event, you'll do better booking BOAC. Reservations through your Travel Agent. Or contact your nearest BOAC office. They'll be most helpful.



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Love Letters to Rambler



Mr. Loren M. Wood

Busy executive

Loren M. Wood is president of Wood & Anderson Company, St. Louis, direct representative of electrical manufacturers. As business cars, he

had owned "five successive models of one of the Big Three makes" before switching to a Rambler American sedan with standard transmission. His report:

"ABOUT 30 MILES PER GALLON"

"My current mileage is 2650 miles and while I have not had a perfect check made, as nearly as I can tell, it is about 30 miles per gallon for city driving. Mileage is practically double that which I got on the make I formerly bought, and the ease of handling and parking of the Rambler is far beyond any previous experience."

Save with America's proved economy leader—Rambler American. Winning the compact class in the 1960 Mobil Gas Economy Run, a Rambler American Custom delivered most miles per gallon of all cars entered. Save on first cost, upkeep, resale. Room for the average family of six. Easy to park. Go Rambler.



TIME world-wide circulation is now



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Mildly Aromatic
BOND STREET
Pouch Pack



the nicest things happen to people who carry

**FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
TRAVELERS CHECKS**

of his craft. Says he: "You should always determine first what you want to say. It's a bad situation for a cartoonist to think of his pictures first." He also says: "A cartoonist should get out of bed mad and stay mad. The cartoonist's function is essentially a negative one, and the cartoon that advocates something usually says nothing."

Wiener-Schnitzel Winchell

I asked Rita Hayworth what she thought of Esther Williams, and Rita told me she thinks Esther is a good swimmer. Later on I asked Esther about Rita, and she said Rita is a good dancer. . . . Curt Jurgens had a simple party at Cap Ferrat—twelve guests, the butler, the chauffeur, the cook, two secretaries, one monkey, five parrots, and two dogs. . . . Elsa Maxwell, looking like a weather-beaten hill, stood in the gutter at the Excelsior under a big straw hat which made it hard to tell what was about and what was back.

The raconteur of such Parsons-Hopper-Lasso-Kilgallen glimpses of the jet set at play is not named Louella, Hedda, Leonard or Dorothy. He is Germany's Wiener-Schnitzel Winchell. Gossipist Hannes Obermaier, who writes a daily Page 2 column for Munich's tabloid *Abendzeitung* called "Hunter Jots Down"—the name Hunter coming from a brand of Dutch cigarettes that Obermaier likes. In the past years that Obermaier has chronicled such life in Europe's low places, *Abendzeitung's* circulation has shot from 17,000 to 100,000. His bosses give him much of the credit. Says Editor Rudolf Heizler:

"I've always let Hannes write what he pleases. His column is a hodgepodge of movie small talk, café-society indiscretions and insinuations, nightclub gossip, and his occasional hangover spells of the hard-shakes. But we long ago found that reading this hodgepodge becomes highly habit-forming. He's our biggest circulation-center."

Fat Louise. Obermaier's column has become required reading on casting couches from Berlin to Bel Air. As he travels to the world's watering holes frequented by celebrities, he keeps forked language in check. In St. Anton, Austria, resort, he wrote of the Shah of Iran's ex-wife: "On the slopes, Soraya still behaved like a queen, was especially careful not to let any spill mar her majesty. She also refused to queue up at the snack bar. But she had to do so democratic afterward. There was no one of beating the queue in front of the ladies' room." So great is his prestige that Film Producer Peter Bamberg says: "Obermaier has written himself into such power that he can seemingly make or break anyone in German moviedom. Last year in Venice, on a pure whim, he picked up Barbara Valentin—a blowy blonde whom he referred to in private as a 'fat louse.' Within one month, with the aid of all the columnists in the illustrated who copy Hunter in everything he does, he made her into Germany's No. 1 femme fatale."



COLUMNIST OBERMAIER & FRIEND
Required on the castina couches.

Cat in the Jungle. Obermaier has not always been such a fat cat in the celebrity jungle. Born in a Bavarian village, he was a student in Munich when World War II broke out, was wounded on the Russian front, spent two years in a prisoner-of-war camp. In 1949, after a variety of jobs, he won a competition for a cub reporter's opening on *Abendzeitung* by doing a story about a night in a Munich police station. While the other contestants spent the evening in police stations, Obermaier stayed in his hotel room, wrote the story as he imagined it. Two years later, after a tour of the U.S., he persuaded his editor to let him write a gossip column, culled his first effort from a stack of U.S. movie magazines he had brought back with him.

His columns haven't changed much since.

Out

Waiting in Hong Kong for the visa that would permit him to enter Red China, Correspondent Frederick C. Nossal of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* was upset by a series of frustrating delays. Why were Peking's masters keeping him out? "I can't understand it," complained Nossal, "when I can do them so much good."

Peking finally got Nossal's point, granted him a temporary visa last October, later extended it for six months and thereby made him the Western Hemisphere's only Red China-based newspaperman. In his eight months on the job Nossal gave his hosts scant cause for offense, generally depicted Red Chinese life in the most glowing terms (*TIME*, April 18). But even that was not enough: last week the *Globe and Mail* announced that the Chinese Communists, accusing Nossal of inaccuracy, had ordered him to leave. Correspondent Nossal could not understand why—and neither could anyone else who had read his effusive dispatches.

Photo: (top) Press; (bottom) Mervyn Dymally

You'll be glad you said 'Johnnie Walker Red' ...that incredibly smooth Scotch whisky

Reflect for a moment. Think of the satisfaction you receive from a truly great Scotch. Think of the way it echoes your own good taste. Then reach for incomparably smooth, mellow, pleasant tasting 'Johnnie Walker Red' Label. Drink it. Your taste tells you—there's no other Scotch quite like it. You'll be glad you said 'Johnnie Walker Red', the incredibly smooth Scotch whisky.



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■ *Report to business from B.F. Goodrich*

Koroseal invites you to stretch your imagination

This BFG vinyl material waterproofs babies, makes pipe that acids can't eat, puts lasting beauty on walls, floors, furniture . . .



IMAGINATIVE uses of Koroseal vinyl in offices give them lasting beauty. Richly textured wall coverings and upholstery materials won't scuff or stain, wipe clean with soap and water. Colors go all through Koroseal floor tile, stay bright even after years of wear.



IMAGINE a pipe even strongest acids can't run. And Koroseal pipe won't rust, never needs painting. Weighs only $\frac{1}{4}$ as much as steel, so it can be installed easier, faster. Another important application: underground conduit for wires, cables.

An engineer, carving out a reservoir in hot desert country, sought a way to keep the water from seeping into the ground. His answer: line the entire reservoir with Koroseal vinyl.

A manufacturer of baby pants wanted a softer, longer-lasting material. His solution: Koroseal vinyl film.

A company that nickel-plates automobile bumpers needed pipe that could carry a highly corrosive nickel solution which eats its way through most materials. They got it: a pipe made of Koroseal rigid vinyl.

An executive, decorating his company's offices, wanted to make them beautiful, long-lasting, easy to maintain. He did it: with Koroseal wall covering, upholstery material and floor tile.

These are just a few of the things that can be done with

Koroseal vinyl materials—and some imaginative ideas. B.F. Goodrich makes many finished products from Koroseal. And often other manufacturers use Koroseal vinyl materials as part of their own products. Perhaps there's some way Koroseal can help you. For more information, write President's Office, *The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.*



Pool characters copyright Walt Disney Productions

BOLD IDEAS! There's no end to the uses for Koroseal vinyl material—inflatable toys, wading pools, beach balls, stormy weather footwear... many things. Manufacturers are coming up with new uses every day. The "Koroseal" label tells their customers these products can take abuse, give years of service.



SAFE FOOD HANDLING! Koroseal conveyor belts keep millions of lollipops on the march... and dozens of other food products on the move in processing plants. B.F. Goodrich was first to have its conveyor belts found suitable by the Food and Drug Administration for safe food handling under the new Food Additives Amendment.



Buenos Aires, Argentina, a city of gay people, gracious hospitality, and 50¢ steaks.

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EDUCATION

Amerigo the Beautiful

In 1507 a German geographer named Martin Waldseemüller drew two maps of the known world. As research, he used the recent account of Florentine Navigator Amerigo Vespucci, who said he had found a new continent (actually, South America). Waldseemüller named the land after its apparent discoverer—the first use of the word America for the New World.

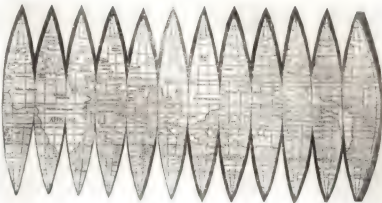
Only later did Waldseemüller learn that in 1492 another navigator named Columbus had preceded Vespucci to the West. Waldseemüller tried to correct his error but the misnomer stuck. His maps, one of them a rendition of the globe in twelve elliptical segments, became rare treasures for antiquarians.

Last week one of the two known surviving copies of the global map turned up for sale at London's famed auction house Sotheby & Co. Owned by a Polish count the map (11½ in. by 16½ in.) roused a gleam in the eye of Manhattan Rare Book Dealer Hans P. Kraus. He pushed the price up to \$35,000 and walked off with the map.

Kraus further illustrated the high price of ancient manuscripts by plunking down \$64,000 on the same day for an old (1480) French-English text, a first edition issued by William Caxton, England's first printer. The British Museum is already nibbling for the Caxton book, but Kraus intends to bring the map "home" to the U.S., hopes to sell it to the Library of Congress. "So Americans can see where their land was named."

God & Vanderbilt

Out of Vanderbilt University's new \$1,500,000 divinity school last week marched Dean J. Robert Nelson on a grim mission of conscience. He strode across the Nashville campus and handed Chancellor Harvie Branscomb a terse letter of resignation. By week's end ten other divinity-school faculty members followed Nelson, 17 students quit, and three recent graduates returned their diplomas. It was the worst ruckus in Vanderbilt's 87-year history.



THE WORLD IN 1507 AS SEEN BY GERMAN GEOGRAPHER WALDSEEMÜLLER
A chance for Americans to see how their land was named

At issue was the expulsion last March of a Negro divinity-school student chunky, spectacled James M. Lawson Jr. A Methodist minister, the Rev. Mr. Lawson, 32, was fired after leading sit-in strikers during Nashville's lunch-counter demonstrations. For Dean Nelson and his colleagues, Lawson "came to symbolize a great set of principles—freedom of action, freedom of conscience, the nature of a university and the struggle of the Negro for his rights."

Obeys the Law. An advocate of militant passive resistance against segregation, Pennsylvania-born Lawson is the son of a Methodist minister. He served a year in federal penitentiaries as a conscientious objector, later spent three years in India as a missionary and avid student of Gandhi's techniques of nonviolence ("Gandhi helped me to see the Christian life"). To earn a bachelor of divinity degree, he entered Vanderbilt in 1958, organized Negro students on the side.

Ironically, Vanderbilt is one of the South's most integrated campuses. A Southern liberal, Chancellor Branscomb persuaded his conservative board of trust to admit Negroes in 1953, and he is personally sympathetic to the sit-in strikers' goals. But "civil disobedience" is something else again. Branscomb firmly believes that whites and Negroes must equally obey the law—or face race riots. And at

the height of the sit-in tension, Lawson told city officials: "The law has been a gimmick to manipulate the Negro."

On to Boston. Asked to explain whether he was encouraging Negroes to "violate the law," Lawson told Branscomb: "When the Christian considers the concept of civil disobedience as an aspect of nonviolence it is only within the context of a law in a law-enforcement agency which in reality has ceased to be the law." Unable to accept this reasoning, Branscomb asked Lawson to leave Vanderbilt. He refused—and Branscomb expelled him.

One-quarter of the university faculty (112 professors) signed a petition supporting Lawson. When he was arrested for conspiracy to restrain trade and commerce, the divinity-school faculty chipped in \$200 for bail. The faculty stirred such a fuss that Dean Nelson set about readmitting Lawson. But last week Chancellor Branscomb vetoed the idea, and Nelson quit.

What pained Nelson was the fact that Boston University divinity school promptly accepted Lawson, who expects to get his degree there this summer. "I feel a great sense of tragedy," said Nelson. "This happened just when we had reached prominence as one of the half-dozen best divinity schools in the U.S." His job was offered to Dean Walter J. Harrelson of the University of Chicago divinity school. If Harrelson accepts, it may be under certain conditions that might even include the readmission of Lawson and the retention of Nelson as a professor. Whatever the outcome, Chancellor Branscomb is adamant on one point. "We are a university in the South trying to find a way," said he. "But we will not tolerate civil disobedience."

Kudos

Whether given for work well done or cash on the barrelhead, the degree awarded *honoris causa* (on the house) is the nearest—if still remote—U.S. version of mention in the Queen's Honors Lists. Old members of the lodge see an old pattern: small colleges seek big names for publicity; women's colleges inevitably revere women, and big colleges—serenely honor ability. Few would dare to claim that the



CHANCELLOR BRANSOMB



MINISTER LAWSON



DEAN NELSON

Fred Trav's; Jack Corn-The Nashville Tennessean; Nelson,UPI

A symbol of great principles, a mission of conscience.

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quality of degrees is rising: only two years ago—Madison restaurant got a doctorate of laws from the University of Idaho for "promoting better health with his genuine Idaho baked potatoes." Nor is public-relations prose improving the quality of citations, which used to be honed to a fine-saturatory precision by itself masters—Yale's William Lyon Phelps, Columbia's Nicholas Murray Butler and Harvard's Abbott Lawrence Lowell. But more degrees than ever are conferred, and no one has more deftly defended the custom than Harvard's Lowell: "Since the conferring of such degrees seems to increase the sum of human happiness, I'm in favor of it."

Among those given as of last week:

American International College

Captain Edward L. Beach, skipper
U.S.S. Triton Sc.D.

Citation: "Your most recent exploit in commanding the largest submarine in existence during an historic submerged voyage around the globe has won for you and your crew the admiration of the world you circled."

Bethany College

Stanley S. Kresge, vice chairman, S. S. Kresge Co. H.H.D.

Citation: "To you has fallen the task of controlling and directing the powerful stream of nickels and dimes that so improvident consumers so casually leave at your command."

Bucknell University

Samuel Eliot Morison, naval chronicler, emeritus professor of history, Harvard University L.H.D.

Case Institute of Technology

F. Keith Glennan, president-on-leave of Case, head of the National Aeronautics and Space Agency Eng.D.

Citation: "Dedicated educator of youth, brilliant leader of men of science, whose monuments orbit the earth."

Columbia University

James B. Fisk, physicist, president Bell Telephone Laboratories Sc.D.

Alan Nevins, biographer, emeritus professor of history, Columbia University Litt.D.

Herman G. Rickover, vice admiral, pioneering developer of the U.S. Navy's nuclear submarines, persistent critic of U.S. education Sc.D.

Citation: "National security, not personal popularity, has been your objective; fulfillment of our intellectual potential your goal."

Mark Van Doren, poet, emeritus professor of English, Columbia University Litt.D.

Citation: "Earned . . . by rare scholarship, edited teaching, and the creation of verse and prose that have enriched our language."

Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations L.L.D.

Citation: "In a turbulent world groping toward international peace and the rule



Until his boy can look out for himself, Dad knows that extra protection can be mighty important.

In providing financial security for his family, Dad may also feel the need for extra protection . . . at low cost. And he can get it —through Massachusetts Mutual's *Extra Protection* Plan.

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- Meet many other family and business situations where more life insurance, at low cost, is needed for a period of years.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (Samuel Goldwyn Jr.; M-G-M), the fourth film version of Mark Twain's fictional portrait of the artist as a young rube, has suffered the melancholy fate of Old Hank Bunker. "Old Hank," said Huck, "he . . . tell off the shot-tower, and spread himself out so that he was just a kind of a layer, as you may say; and they slid him edgeways between two barn doors for a coffin and buried him so, so they say, but I didn't see it." Moviegoers may now see it thanks to Sam Goldwyn Jr., who spent \$1,400,000 making this movie version of the book. The film is distressingly flat, but then those who have not read the book may like it.

The movie starts out pretty much the way the novel does. Huck Finn (Eddie Hodges), the son of a town drunk in northeastern Missouri, gets awful sick of the "dismal, regular and decent" widow who has taken him in and is trying to "civilize" him. So one day he cunningly fakes his own murder and goes poling norriily downriver with a runaway slave named Jim (tolerably well played by Light-Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore). But while the story goes down the river, the picture heads up the creek. The director and scriptwriter seemed determined to reduce Mark Twain's Huckleberry as rapidly as possible to the sort of fruity mush the customers are accustomed to. Most of the major episodes of Huck's begonia are drastically cut or dropped outright. And to chunk up the hole that is left, there is enough conventional "dignation and sentiment" —not to mention some moony tunes by Alan Jay Lerner and Burton Lane—to provoke the full penalty prescribed by the author: "Persons attempting to find a plot in this narrative will be shot."

As a matter of fact, persons attempting to find Huck Finn in this picture will be, to say the least, disappointed. As written, Huck was a young river rat who lived in a wharf barrel and smelt like his surroundings. As played by Actor Hodges, a sage-child who got his start on Broadway as *The Moon Man*, the prototype of frontier boyhood is a freckled-faced mother's darling who reeks of soap and suburban charm, and who looks exactly the way Producer Goldwyn wanted him to look, like "a Missouri Peter Pan." But Finn fans will forget this minor blemish as they contemplate the moviemakers' supreme achievement. From one of the funniest books ever written by the funniest writer America has produced, they have managed to eliminate almost all the laughs.

Dreams (Sandrews, Paramount) is the second installment of the dreamily silly, less-than-hilarious trilogy beginning with *A Lesson in Love* (1943) and ending with *Smiles of a Summer Night* (1945). In which Sweden's Ingmar Bergman (TIME cover, March 14) submits his

front-line report on the war between the sexes. In *Lesson*, the war begins with crockery barrages. In *Smiles*, it ends in a saraband of sophisticated satire that the winners and the losers dance together. In *Dreams*, the last of the three released in the U.S., the battle rages in full fury, and Bergman zooms above the field like a happy gadfly, prancing everything in sight.

The picture tells two stories at once: playing one against the other for satiric effect. Two women, a middle-aged fashion editor (Eva Dahlbeck) and her young photographers' model (Harriet Andersson) go to Gothenburg, a city in south-west Sweden, on a story assignment. First



DAHLBECK, PALME & LANDRE IN "DREAMS"
(Copyright © 1946, Paramount Pictures)

day in town, the editor puts through a call to a lover she has lost, a pleasant but bored businessman (Ulf Palme), and persuades him to see her again. Caught in a mood between renaissance and relapse, they make love in her hotel room. Abruptly he decides to go away with her. A knock comes at the door; his wife (Inga Landre) walks in. Calmly and with devastating insight, the wife warns the mistress to break off the affair, not for the wife's sake but for her own. "He will stay with me, you know. Not because he loves me more but because he is tired. Besides, he has no money of his own." Faced with the awful truth, the husband is at least smart enough to admit that he is a failure. In disgust, the mistress turns him out, then gasps in horror as she realizes that she will never see him again. Suddenly he opens the door. "My darling," he says. "You have come back on me!" But he has only come back for his luggage.

Meanwhile, the model has been picked up on the street by an aging sugar daddy (Gunnar Björnstrand) who buys her a bundle of expensive presents that she can-

not collect unless she goes home with him. On the way home, the sprightly quarry leads the hard-breathing hunter a merry chase through an amusement park; and before he can catch up with her, old age catches up with him. He collapses after a roller-coaster ride, and at home he has to rest. But he soon feels strong enough to offer her a bottle of champagne. In an uproarious seduction scene, the poor old goat discovers that all the time he has been after her virtue, the dear child has been after his wallet.

In both instances, the female proves deadlier—and livelier—than the male. The girl has more cunning, the woman more spirit, and in both instances Bergman obviously relishes the idea of feminine superiority. His actors, as usual, are

excellent. And his direction of the camera is inspired—the long, slow opening scene in the photography studio—several minutes of wordless but pregnant silence—is a wonderful set piece of visual exposition. Bergman has said more important things than he says in this picture, but he has seldom said anything in a more vigorous and suitable style.

Sergeant Rutledge (Warner) is an embarrassingly bad film by Producer-Director John Ford. The forbearing viewer will recall with respect that Ford directed such pictures as *The Informant* and *Code of the West*.

The trouble is that the libretto—post-Civil War horse opera—is both grand and comic, often at the same time. The title figure is a gigantic Negro cavalry sergeant (Woody Strode), who has been accused of the murder of his commanding officer and the rape and murder of the officer's daughter. The film might have made a fair courtroom drama if Director Ford had not decided to play the first half of it for laughs.



1911 Ray Harroun, 74.50 m.p.h.



1912 Louis Chevrolet, 80.00 m.p.h.



1913 Harry Miller, 80.00 m.p.h.



1914 Earl Bennett, 117.75 m.p.h.



1915 Dill A. Skene, 135.80 m.p.h.



1916 Walter Moore, 117.00 m.p.h.



1917 John D. Parsons, 124.00 m.p.h.



1918 George Stetten, 134.00 m.p.h.



1919 Babe Stockett, 128.00 m.p.h.



1920 Earl Bennett, 137.00 m.p.h.



1921 Tommy Simpson, 84.00 m.p.h.



1922 Louis Chevrolet, 80.00 m.p.h.



1923 Earl Bennett, 137.00 m.p.h.



1924 George Stetten, 134.00 m.p.h.



1925 Babe Stockett, 128.00 m.p.h.



1926 Earl Bennett, 137.00 m.p.h.



1927 John D. Parsons, 124.00 m.p.h.



1928 George Stetten, 134.00 m.p.h.



1929 Babe Stockett, 128.00 m.p.h.



1930 Earl Bennett, 137.00 m.p.h.



1931 Tommy Simpson, 84.00 m.p.h.



1932 Louis Chevrolet, 80.00 m.p.h.



1933 Earl Bennett, 137.00 m.p.h.



1934 George Stetten, 134.00 m.p.h.



1935 Babe Stockett, 128.00 m.p.h.

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1921 Tucker Miller, 100 m.p.h.



1924 J. Lyons, 100 m.p.h.



1925 Ford, 100 m.p.h.



1926 Ford, 100 m.p.h.



1927 Ford, 100 m.p.h.



1932 Louis Moore, 101.10 m.p.h.



1934 Wild Bill Cummings, 104.86 m.p.h.



1935 Kelly-Deeds, 105.21 m.p.h.



1936 Louis Moore, 106.00 m.p.h.



1937 Walter Shaw, 111.56 m.p.h.



1947 Meari Rose, 110.57 m.p.h.



1952 Bill Vukobrat, 108.31 m.p.h.



1953 Bill Vukobrat, 108.31 m.p.h.



1958 Roger Ward, 115.87 m.p.h.

(No races during the construction)

Firestone

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SCIENCE

Back from Space

It was the autumn of 1954, and the U.S. was hard-crashing a life-or-death program: the development of a rocket that could bellow into space, span oceans and continents, plunge down through the atmosphere and deliver an H-bomb payload anywhere on the earth.

The difficulties were staggering. Every aspect of the project called for prodigies of technology. But the most formidable problem of all was one that should have been familiar to anyone who ever saw a meteor turn into a trail of fire in the night sky. It was the problem of "re-entry": how to get an ICBM warhead, with its protective nose cone, back through the earth's atmosphere without its being burned into sky-streaking embers. As history may one day note, it was at an Ithaca, N.Y., cocktail party that one of the most significant early steps toward success was taken.

The Someone. Among the guests at that party was a trustee of Ithaca's Cornell University named Victor Emanuel. Emanuel was also board chairman of Avco Corp., which was already deeply interested in the U.S. ICBM program. He fell into conversation about the project's difficulties—particularly that of testing re-entry techniques in earthly laboratories. Said one of the group, pointing to a heavy-shouldered man: "I believe we have someone right here who can help you."

The someone was Dr. Arthur Kantrowitz, a Cornell professor of aeronautical engineering. Within minutes, Emanuel and Kantrowitz were deep in conversation. Soon Kantrowitz was heading up a staff at Avco's newly established research laboratory at Everett, Mass.

What Kantrowitz, who perhaps more than anyone else rates the title of "Mr. Nose Cone," had to offer was experience and expertness in a testing device known as the shock tube. The problems of nose-cone re-entry were fearsome enough on paper. It was understood all too well that an ICBM re-entry body of cone and warhead would have to crash back into the earth's atmosphere at near-meteor speed of 15,000 m.p.h., with enough motion of energy to vaporize five times its weight of iron. Piling up ahead of the re-entry body would be a high-pressure air layer reaching up to 15,000° F.—about 1½ times as hot as the sun's surface. But beyond that, the physical properties of air at such speeds and temperatures were almost entirely unknown, and no existing wind tunnel was fast enough to furnish the necessary data. Kantrowitz' shock tube supplied crucial answers.

The Violent Instrument. Essentially, a shock tube is a strong-walled metal pipe, a few inches in diameter, from which the air can be pumped. At one end, a sec-

TITAN ICBM plunges back into atmosphere at 15,000 m.p.h. off Ascension Island. Photo was taken from plane 50 miles away.

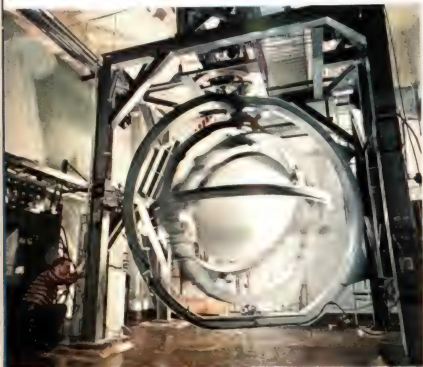


CERAMIC COATING FOR NOSE CONE MELTS AWAY IN JET BLAST OF 12,000° F. IN LABORATORY TEST SIMULATING RE-ENTRY HEATING



HEAT RADIATOR with quartz-tube lamps at Langley Research Center simulates heating experience

of nose cone at supersonic speeds. Test is determining distribution of heat over cone of military missile.



DYNAMIC BALANCER at General Electric's Missile and Space Vehicle Department tests ton-and-half Mark :

nose cone used on Thor and Atlas, checking vehicle's balance and stabilization jets used to counteract spin.



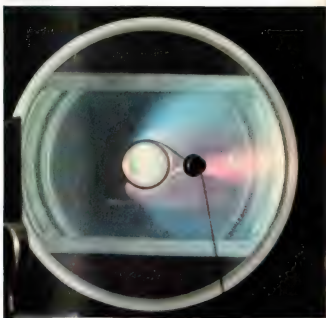


ARMED 2007



SHOCK-TUBE shadowgraph at Avco shows shock waves produced by gases at speeds up to 22 times that of sound. Nozzle model is tilted at possible angle of reentry.

AVCO RESEARCH CENTER



ELECTRICAL PRINCIPLE, called magnetohydrodynamics, is tested in shock tube where argon gas heated to 17,400° F. is fired from left against copper coil carrying 15,000 amperes. The interaction increases temperature and density of gas, producing lifting and dragging action. Similar phenomenon occurs in re-entry, when friction ionizes air particles.

COLD CHAMBER capable of -100° F. is prepared for test at Avco Research Center. Metal tubing is part of gas jet system that positions nose cone as it is reentering atmosphere.



LITTLE JOE rocket blasts off at angle from Wallops Island, Va., on start of 55-mile-high flight in test aimed at carrying man into space. Red escape rocket, mounted on 16-ft. tower ahead

of white Mercury capsule, was ignited at 20-mile altitude to carry capsule away from rocket; tower was jettisoned at 30 miles. Both capsule and monkey passenger were recovered.



RINGSAIL parachute designed by Radioplane for Mercury capsule is tested by high-altitude drop over Salton Sea, Calif. Similar chute will float astronauts safely to earth.



SAFE RETURN of one-ton Mercury capsule with monkey is made by helicopter, which retrieved capsule two minutes after it landed in sea. Escape-rocket blast discolored capsule.

tion is walled off by a copper diaphragm—that section is filled with an explosive mixture of oxygen and hydrogen. At the other end is a vacuum tank, and just ahead of it is a tiny nose-cone test model. When an electric spark explodes the oxygen-hydrogen, it bursts through the diaphragm and into the vacuum. Ahead of it rushes a hot shock wave that hits the test model at re-entry speed and temperature. The flow lasts no more than one-thousandth of a second, but it is enough to yield volumes of scientific information. After only six months of work with this violent instrument Kantrowitz was able to send the Air Force the first firm data about heat and air conditions around a nose cone at its moment of crisis.

From that point on, real progress could be made, and both Avco and its respected competitor, General Electric Co., went to work along paths that at times diverged and at times converged.

Snub Nose. The easiest, fastest cone to develop was the "heat-sink" type, made of thick copper. Since copper is an excellent conductor of heat, the cone's front surface could stay solid until the whole mass was near the melting point. To many, it seemed obvious that a nose cone should be made slim and sharp-pointed, capable of piercing the atmosphere with low resistance. But the contrary proved to be the case. Dr. H. Julian Allen of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics argued conclusively that a blunt nose was better for the heat-sink cone. The snub nose, said Allen, would help pile up in front of the cone a high-pressure layer of air that would itself act as a potent insulator. That way, most of the immense heat would be swept off the edge of the cone into a long tunnel.

Along such relatively simple lines, General Electric built most of the early nose cones and, considering the state of the art, they were successful enough in the first Thor and Atlas missiles. But they were heavy—and in an ICBM every ounce of nose cone takes away from the warhead which is the rocket's real reason for being. And the blunt-nosed cones began slowing down while still high in the atmosphere, making them more vulnerable to anti-missile missiles as they descended toward earth.

Flaming Arc. Thus, even while the heat-sink cones were still being tested, both G.E. and Avco started work on a new kind of cone. It was deliberately designed so that some of its material would be "ablated"—vaporized and blown away into nothingness by the intensely hot air through which it raced. Ablating cones promised a weight advantage, but not even the shock tube was adequate to test them at the research level. Therefore a new testing device, the arc wind tunnel, was tailored for the job.

In the arc wind tunnel air is first pumped out of a big vacuum chamber. Then a valve is opened and new air rushes in. On its way, it passes through a flaming arc, using kilowatts enough to light a city. The air's temperature soars to 14,000° F., and it whams into samples of ablating ma-

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terial that behave as if they were part of a real nose cone.

The ablating nose cone is the design of the present. It is longer and more pointed than its heat-sink predecessor. It can slice more deeply through the atmosphere before it slows down, giving it greater protection against defensive missiles fired from the ground. Better still, it is comparatively light: the G.E. ablating nose cone used on the "longfellow" Atlas fired May 20 from Florida to the Indian Ocean probably played an important part in the missile's being light enough to attain its 9,000-mile range.

Point of Light. Much work remains to be done. Nose cones can be made still lighter, thus adding to the missile's payload. This is particularly important to the solid-fuel, second-generation Minuteman, a fine but small missile with definite payload limitations. Already in the works are plans to make re-entry bodies maneuver so that their courses will be unpredictable and hard to intercept. To do this, the re-entering bodies must have controls and some sort of wings to give them lift, or to make them plunge steeply, or to let them dodge from side to side.

Also in the visible future is the manned spacecraft that, with techniques based on military nose-cone research, will bring its human travelers safely down from orbit or from an interplanetary journey. Strangely, the manned spacecraft in some ways presents fewer problems than the ICBM. Where an ICBM enters the atmosphere at about a 20° angle with a sudden, explosive shock, a space vehicle can come into the atmosphere flat, keeping its deceleration and temperature comparatively low.

The future is filled with exciting problems. But the present is reality. On many a night, the inhabitants of Ascension Island in the South Atlantic can see a point of light darting through the heavens. It hurtles closer and grows bigger than any star or planet before crashing into the sea 100 miles away. It is another U.S. missile, fired from far-away Florida, that has soared 600 miles into space and successfully returned through the atmosphere. It means that the basic re-entry problem has been licked.

In Memory of Rainbarrel

At a Pentagon ceremony last week, a tall, grey-haired chemist received one of the U.S.'s highest civilian honors: the Distinguished Civilian Service Award. For Peter King, 49, now associate director of research for materials at the Navy's Washington, D.C. research laboratories, the medal had been a long while in coming: it was granted for a dramatic but generally unknown service performed eleven years ago.

In 1948 King was working in paint chemistry at the Naval Research Laboratory when a colleague asked him why the lab's Geiger counters had recently been clicking faster after rainstorms. King collected rain water from the roof of N.R.L.'s building, found that it was slightly radioactive, suspected that the activity came from U.S. A-bomb tests in the Pacific about six months before. To make sure,



Dr. KING:
Secret from the jugs.

he needed rain water from just after the A-bomb tests—and that meant getting some that could be certified as almost six months old. A Navy commander recalled that in the Virgin Islands most drinking water is in fact rain water collected in cisterns, and that the natives know almost precisely when it fell.

Unofficial Watch. Peter King sent an assistant on a rush trip to the Virgin Islands: soon the aide was back with jugs of sludge precipitated chemically from 2,500 gal. of six-month-old rain water. The stuff was faintly hot, containing the radioactive cerium and yttrium that are typical products of nuclear fission. As of then, King knew he had a quick and easy way to detect nuclear explosions.

At that time, the U.S. had a monopoly on nuclear weapons, and many experts believed that the Soviet Union would not break the monopoly for many years. Less confident, Peter King set up an unofficial sort of watch for Soviet A-bomb tests. He arranged to have Navy planes bring him once-a-month jugs of rain water from Kodiak Island in the Gulf of Alaska, relatively close to the U.S.S.R. He called his low-key project Operation Rainbarrel.

Rush Message. For many months, the air over Alaska remained free of man-made radioactivity. But in September, 1949 King heard from the Air Force of indications that the Russians might have successfully tested an atomic bomb. He sent a rush message—"To hell with the monthly schedule"—for fresh rain water from Kodiak. Within a few hours, he was able to identify radioactive cerium which could only have come from a nuclear explosion. The U.S. had had no recent A-bomb tests. There was only one possible conclusion—and a few days later, President Harry Truman announced to the world the news, picked up by Peter King's Operation Rainbarrel, that the Russians had broken the U.S. atomic monopoly.

America Goes to the Races



From Atascadero, Calif., to Hatfield, Pa., millions of wheel-happy citizens spent an exciting Memorial Day weekend watching everything from karts (up to 85 mph) to drag racers (over 200). LIFE readers can share the thrills in rousing color and black-and-white pictures. *Also in this week's LIFE:* FRANK SCHERSCHIEL takes exclusive pictures of the digging out in Chile . . . HOWARD SOCHUREK travels more than 16,000 miles across Russia's remote regions to record in 12 pages of color the sights few tourists will ever be likely to see . . . JOHN GARDNER, foundation executive, and CLINTON ROSSITER, historian, continue the great debate on our National Purpose . . . HAYLEY MILLS plays a pertly perfect movie Pollyanna—and pretty JULIA MEADE shows how she became the best-paid (\$150,000 a year) pitchgirl in U.S. TV.

OUT TODAY in the new issue of

LIFE

RELIGION

Revolt Against Christianity

On the small, barren island of Likoma in Africa's Lake Nyasa stands a great cathedral. Built by native Anglican converts a century ago, it was long the center of Anglican missionary work in Nyasaland and a showpiece of transplanted Christianity. Today, huge cracks threaten to bring down the remnants of its walls and its stained-glass windows hang crazily from their worm-eaten wooden frames. Witch doctors and nationalist prophets have confused and corroded the congregation. Recently, one of the local splinter sect "messiahs" announced that he meant

town of Lilongwe (pop. 350 whites and 5,000 Negroes) in Nyasaland. Archbishop Ramsey envisaged the loss of all Africa to Christianity, because to more and more black Africans it is nothing but the white man's creed. Warned the Archbishop "The time is short."

It is shorter in some places than in others: Among the trouble spots:

In Nyasaland, nationalism runs so high that last year's Moderator of the Church of Scotland, the Rt. Rev. Robert H.W. Shepherd, not long ago found that he could not safely visit some of his own mission stations because he was associated with the unpopular Monckton Com-



ARCHBISHOP OF YORK IN NYASALAND
The time is shorter in some places than in others.

to establish headquarters on the island and the missionary priests resorted to a theatrical gesture: They divided the nave down the center with a row of benches, then called on all who dared deny the church to remain on the far side of the barrier. For seconds no one stirred. At last some of the oldest members of the congregation moved to the other side, and slowly, most of the rest followed.

It was only a temporary victory. All over Africa there is a revolt against Christianity—sometimes as xenophobic nationalism, sometimes as a reversion to witchcraft and tribal rituals, sometimes as a corruption of Christian teaching in splinter sects, often as an upsurge of Islam with its tolerance of polygamy and a theology far less demanding than Christianity's. Last week, in the monthly York Diocesan leaflet Dr. Arthur M. Ramsey, Archbishop of York and Primate of England,* published an alarmed eyewitness account of the crisis. Writing from the

mission to study the federation of Nyasaland and Rhodesia. In the course of his investigations, Dr. Shepherd also learned that one of his lay preachers and elders was on trial for murdering a "witch" and that the house of his church's education secretary had been stoned.

In Rhodesia, various sects—such as the Watchmen, the Sacred Heart of Jesus Luma Church, the Church of God, the Bantu National Church—have broken away from the mission churches and are making considerable headway. One of the most successful new prophets is one Mister Wilson "Good," known as "Jesus" to his followers, who wears a white robe and rides an ass instead of Rhodesia's customary bicycle.

In Nigeria, a national "church" that sprang up in the '40s has largely subsided but natives flock to such offshoots as the Commercial Vision Seeing, the Father Divine Apostolic, and the Cherubim and Seraphim churches. Lagos has its local "Jesus" in one Emmanuel Odumoso, who insists on strict abstinence from alcohol but has seven wives and rides in a luxurious Pontiac car driven by a chauffeur.

In Kenya, Protestant missionaries have just about won back the 30,000 (out of 40,000) Kikuyu and Embu Christians who deserted the churches during the Mau-Mau uprising in 1952. Identification of mission Christianity with "imperialism" is the church's biggest problem; two years ago, nine parishes of the Anglican diocese seceded and have appointed their own bishop. Twelve splinter churches have been formed, including the African Israel Church (whose members wear turbans), the African Interior Church, the Church of Christ in East Africa, and the African Brotherhood Church.

Many feel that Christianity's greatest handicap in Africa is its record of tolerating segregation, notably in South Africa. Two such sworn enemies as South Africa's Premier Hendrik Verwoerd and Cape Town's Anglican Archbishop Joost de Blank agree that a crisis is at hand for Christianity on the continent. Said Verwoerd last week: "We are faced today by threats to the future of civilization, to the contribution of the white man in South Africa. . . . Christianity is threatened in Africa more than anywhere else." His prescription: continued segregation and repression.

Archbishop de Blank sees the Christian church in South Africa "at a crossroads. Unless it openly and publicly repudiates the doctrine and practice of compulsory segregation, it is condemning itself to extermination—and the whole of South Africa will be wide open to secularism and non-Christian creeds."

Temple in Paradise

Ebenezer Townsend, supercargo of a New England whaler, noted in his diary on Aug. 10, 1795 that Hawaii's King Kamehameha I. had "a Jew cook." If the cook remained in Hawaii, added Townsend, "I think it will be difficult to trace his descendants" for he is nearly as dark as they are.

Ebenezer was right. The descendants of the king's "Jew cook"—the first Jew to be mentioned in Hawaiian history—have never been traced. But some of them perhaps took part last week in the dedication of Hawaii's first permanent Jewish place of worship, the \$365,000 Temple Emanuel in Honolulu.

The 112 families, mostly from the mainland U.S., who make up the Reform congregation are a sizable community compared to Hawaii's eight or ten practicing Jewish families before the war. One of Temple Emanuel's most popular members is the Honolulu *Advertiser's* nightclub columnist, Eddie Sherman, who recently dramatized Hawaiian Jewry by giving a luau (a Hawaiian outdoor dinner) and calling it a Jewau. The menu included such succulencies as bagel breadfruit, pineapple-flavored matzo balls, and a renamed local wine, Mogen David *oke*.

Tottering Sepulchre

One of the sorriest sights in Christendom is the shrine that lays claim to being its spiritual center: Jerusalem's Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which encompasses the supposed sites of Jesus' crucifixion.

* Second only to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, a distinction established by Pope Innocent VI in the 14th century.

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burial and resurrection. The thousands of pilgrims who seek it out every year find the church little more than a musty ruin. The southern façade is some 6 in. out of plumb, held up by a cat's cradle of iron shoring erected by the British in 1935. Under the crumbling vaulting of the south transept, a scaffold has been put up to protect tourists from falling masonry. The facing of Christ's tomb itself is crumbling; large stones fall from the cornice of the cupola ceiling; leaks abound.

Rights & Privileges. Originally built by Constantine in 326, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was destroyed by the Persians in 616 and by the Egyptians in 1099. But more disastrous to the shrine than its pagan enemies have been its

Armenian Apostolic Church still claims the Chapel of Nicodemus, now used by the Syrian Orthodox, though the Armenians declare they have the keys. At least three violent incidents have resulted—once over the repairing of one of the doors, once over the possession of a closet once over the chapel's whitewashing.

Collapse Preferred. Since 1947 the Roman Catholics, the Greek Orthodox and the Armenians, the three groups which occupy most of the church, have been negotiating about repairs. The Catholics first demanded a complete restoration of the church, but the Greeks, fearing that restorations would uncover some former Roman Catholic sites that the Greeks had plastered over during a restoration in 1810 and might so endanger their position under the status quo, have advocated limiting all work to "consolidation." The Armenians have built up their own position by playing a balance-of-power game between the other two. A technical bureau in which each of the three groups is equally represented has been set to carry out the repairs; it a set of plans can ever be mutually approved. But no one seems very optimistic.

Said a disgusted minister from Ohio last week: "It would be better to let the church collapse. Then all this masonry could be carted away, and a simple impressive monument could be erected to mark Golgotha and the tomb. That's what I came here to see."

Christian Contraband

One result of treating religion as the opium of the people is that, like the dope traffic, it goes underground and thrives. A glimpse of this Russian underground was visible last week when Communist authorities announced a double haul netting several makers and pushers of religious objects whose private manufacture is forbidden.

Haul No. 1 caught two oldsters who used a new Moskvich sedan to make the rounds of Moscow churches. One of them would dress in rags and rattle a tin cup at the church door while the other whipped out of the car's luggage compartment an assortment of icons, icons, tracts and lamps and did a brisk business at a fat profit until the counterfeited beggar tipped him off that the cops were coming. One day the agents of the Department for Fighting Theft and Speculation caught them.

In their second haul, department men arrested an artist named Vladimir Iosadovich Labzin in the act of turning over two heavy foot lockers to a charwoman on a platform in the Kursk railway station just before a train to the Ural pulled out. Inside the boxes were 1,000 small icons, prayer leaflets, and 300 little crosses on chains, which the charwoman was to have taken with her to the Caucasus. Artist Labzin turned out to be a hardened criminal in Soviet eyes; he had two previous convictions for "underground printing of religious literature," which had been distributed all over Russia by a well-organized network.



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Christian friends. Today the church is occupied by six Christian sects—Syrian Orthodox (Jacobite), Greek Orthodox, Armenian Orthodox, Coptic, Roman Catholic, Abyssinian—all of them so caught up in denominational jealousies that they cannot agree on repairs or on anything else. They hold their services in spaces carefully marked as those in a parking lot and about as large (the areas were frozen by Turkish Sultan Abdul Majid shortly before the Crimean War). The Syrian Orthodox, for example, may worship only in an area extending from the middle of the seventh pillar of the rotunda to a spot marked by a black cross on the right of the ninth column.

The border lines of sectarian privileges are patrolled more carefully than most international frontiers. Before Easter, for instance, the Roman Catholics who claim the privilege of cleaning the outside of the windows, make a demonstration of standing by and watching while the Greek Orthodox—who also claim the privilege—actually do the cleaning. The



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BROADWAY The Show Doesn't Go On

All for one and one for all
And God be with us all.

Singing this plaintively courageous hymn, members of Equity, the fledgling actors' union, walked off their stages 41 years ago, spearheaded by Marie Dressler and Ethel Barrymore, and paraded through a blacked-out Broadway. Their demand: the right to bargain collectively with their producers. The producers capitulated after 30 days, during which New Yorkers consoled themselves with flicks, pickup vaudeville and impromptu sidewalk skirmishes. Last week, once again, Broadway theaters were deserted, and Shubert Alley was so dark that one could not tell a producer from a philanthropist. At the end of an artistically and financially dreary season, New York's commercial theater was shut down in an eruption of Broadway's economic anarchy.

At the Hotel Edison, Equity was in session. Poised, ponytailed children from *The Sound of Music*, clutching lab dogs mingled with Negroes from *Raisin in the Sun* and Orientals from *A Majority of One*. Sari-draped Vivien Leigh held court, apparently trying to play a curious mixture of Cleopatra and Joan of Arc. Equity's George Nicolaou recalled the 1910 strike: "Let your answer be now as it was then—Equity!" But hardly anyone remembered the old marching hymn, *Shrunk in size*. Equity is now "just a cut above the horse-shoers" (as one labor organizer cracked), and for years has been quick to compromise or concede. Trying to make up past weakness, the actors now want:

□ A weekly pay raise of \$16.50 for minimum salaries, lowered in bargaining to \$11.50 (for the first year of the contract). The producers offer \$6.50.

SHOW BUSINESS

□ A pension plan, with the producers to contribute 7% of their payroll over a three-year period, abruptly lowered in bargaining to 1% in the first year, 4% by 1965. The producers agree to the principle, but want to postpone the start of payments, offer a maximum of 2%.

Prima-donna manners were rampant on both sides. Equity Chief Counsel Herman Cooper (President Ralph Bellamy was busy in Hollywood, playing F.D.R. in the movie version of *Sunrise at Campobello*) announced that the union would not go on strike, would simply call evening "meetings" of various casts, shutting down a different show every night. When the union started this "legal harassment" with *The Tenth Man*, the producers regarded it as a strike, closed all Broadway shows.

The mood was somber and the talk was tough. Banned from their dressing rooms, actors milled aimlessly around outside their theaters signing autographs. A sound truck sent out by the producers' League of New York Theaters drew up in a darkened street to proclaim: "We hope this Equity strike ends soon." The actors, who call it a lockout, shouted back, "Lie! Lie!" Perched on the stoop of the Playhouse, Anne Bancroft announced: "We're the actors—the smiling ones. The worried-looking ones over there are the producers." Said Raymond Massey: "I'm sick of people saying to actors 'The show must go on,' as though actors, like policemen or firemen, were vital to public service. What about the stagehands, lolling down below, playing pinocle, while the actors—making less money—give their guts?"

Countered British Director Peter Glenville: "Equity is trying to bring security to an area necessarily very insecure. If

you want security and comfort, it's a question of 'Don't put your daughter on the stage, Mrs. Worthington!'"

Equity said its demands would cost individual producers only \$50 to \$173 a week next season, could easily be absorbed in current budgets, which, said the union, are warmly padded. The producers, on the other hand, insisted that they simply could not afford to tack a single penny onto already excessive production costs. Amid all the argument, the playgoer is sure of only one thing: he pays more for tickets than ever before. In 1940, seat prices ranged from 50¢ to a maximum (for musicals) of \$4.40. Today's top: \$9.90. Where does this money go?

Actors get as little as 12% of the gross, but the total may rise to 30% of a successful show if an important star has a percentage deal. One out of every ten actors on Broadway is a "minimum player," earning the flat Equity minimum of \$103.10 a week. Extras, who do not count as minimum players, earn even less—\$52 a week. Rising young star Anne Bancroft earns as much as \$2,000 a week. Veteran Melvyn (*The Best Man*) Douglas, who works for 10% of the gross, is guaranteed \$2,500 a week.

Crafts and affiliated unions get between 5% and 20% (for musicals). Powerful and highly organized, these unions have been more successful than Equity in boosting minimum wages and benefits, improving working conditions for their members. Weekly minimums range from \$104 for grips (theatrical stevedores) and curtain men, to \$155.50 for musicians; \$247.19 for pressagents.

Authors get a percentage of the gross up to 10% (a few claim considerably higher slices.)

Producers may get as much as 50% of the net profits, much of the remainder going to backers. Broadway production can be immensely profitable, but the risks



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are high. This season's 53 productions made it to New York, of which 40 were failures, losing a total of \$5.2 million; according to the producers, this season's 13 hits have so far earned a clear profit of only \$244,000, by the producers' reckoning.

Landlords usually get between 25% and 30% of the weekly gross. This is an enormous slice, and many producers and actors insist that the theater owners are the real villains of the situation. When Landlord John Shubert complained that the Equity tactics represented a threat to culture, one New York columnist remarked: "That amounts to Attila the Hun denouncing a threat to Christian civilization."

By week's end, negotiations were continuing, but both sides were in a pet and positions had hardened. Producers called the actors "unstable transient workers" and "gypsies." Since many of them profess liberal ideals, their position was uncomfortable. Wrote New York *Post* columnist Murray Kempton: "The producers include a number of passionately devoted liberals beneath whose Stevenson buttons lie hearts that click like taxi meters."

Meanwhile, the Broadway area was un-naturally—and refreshingly—quiet in the evenings; taxis were available, and in restaurants the lack of theater crowds caused some waiters to make their first pathetic attempts at being polite. Movies and off-Broadway shows were booming. Perhaps the biggest reason to settle the shutdown quickly is that, if it goes on too long New Yorkers might possibly discover that they can survive without Broadway.

TELEVISION

"The Much-Disputed Case"

The "good shoemaker" and the "poor fish peddler" who were executed in 1927 after a bitter, seven-year battle in court in the press and in many minds, keep agitating American imaginations. Composer Marc Blitzstein is writing an opera about them, and an off-Broadway producer is planning a musical. This week NBC presents the second installment of its two-part *Sacco-Vanzetti Story*, billed as a dramatic interpretation of the much-disputed case. Taken together, the two taped installments provide two absorbing hours, somewhat marred by overly insistent pleading.

Somehow suspenseful, although the outcome was obviously known from the start, the opening hour showed how the two marchists were almost accidentally arrested for a robbery and murder, how the case against them grew from the teetering memory of witnesses, and how—standing in a cage-like dock and facing a flower-decked bench—they heard the verdict. This week's Part II deals with the long futile fight to save Sacco and Vanzetti from the chair—the hunt for new evidence, the repeated appeals, the worldwide furor and the final confrontation of the accused and their judge as he imposes sentence after Vanzetti's powerful speech: "I am so convinced to be right that if you can kill me two times, I would live

again to do what I have done already."

Author Reginald Rose's play is hampered by a documentary style that lets a narrator (Ben Grauer) appear to talk more than the principals, and by the author's constant, heavy-handed insistence that his protagonists are innocent victims of political and race prejudice, thus never allowing the viewer to draw that conclusion on his own. The prosecutor is shown as ruthlessly concerned with his own ambitions, the Governor of Massachusetts is a millionaire, hence clearly untrustworthy, witnesses are bought and browbeaten. Regardless of whether or not all this black villainy is true in detail (and playwright Rose has his documents well in hand), it weakens the drama. The



ACTORS HILL & BALSAM

To the simple level of love and sorrow.

narrator concedes almost offhandedly that the jury rendered its verdict in good faith; but after all the blatant hostility of the judge and prosecution—and, seemingly, of society itself—the play admits no possibility of tragic error, only of deliberate malevolence.

What saves the play from such flaws is the peculiar power of Sacco and Vanzetti themselves, as it emerges from the broken but hauntingly eloquent English of their speeches, letters and diaries. In superb performances, Actors Martin Balsam (Sacco) and Steven Hill (Vanzetti) capture a strange mixture of gentleness and violence, a quality of patience and bewilderment in an alien hostile world. One of the truly moving scenes seen on TV shows the two men in death cells, writing their last letters. There are Sacco's farewell words to his son: "And you will also not forget to love me a little, for I do—Oh, Sonny, thinking so much and so often of you..." The words lift the scene above matters of law or even justice to the simple level of love and sorrow.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Werner von Braun, 48, German-born rocket expert, who in 1958 led the Army team that put the U.S. back into the space race, and Maria Gonsky Quistorp von Braun, 21, their third child, first son, in Huntsville, Ala. Name: Peter Conrad. *Weight: 10 lbs. 10 in.*

Born. To Lee Ann Meriwether Aletter, 27, TV actress, who after becoming Miss America of 1957 said that she would like to have twelve children, and Frank Aletter, 22, occasional Broadway actor; their first child, a daughter, in Los Angeles. Name: Kyle Kathleen. *Weight: 10 lbs. 10 in.*

Died. Paula Wolf, 64, minister's daughter, sister of Adolf Hitler, of whom she once said, "I would have preferred a thousand times over if he had remained an architect"; of a heart attack while ill with cancer, in Berchtesgaden, Germany.

Died. Walther Funk, 60, Hitler's Economics Minister and Reichsbank President, sentenced to life imprisonment by the Nürnberg Tribunal in 1946, but released in 1957 because of ill health; of a heart attack, in Düsseldorf, Germany.

Died. Boris Leonidovich Pasternak, 70, Russian poet-novelist, an apolitical Christian humanist whose 1958 Nobel Prize cost him an unwitting cold war cause; of cancer, in Peredelkino, Russia. *(SEE FOREIGN NEWS.)*

Died. William Saunders Jack, 71, a machinist-turned A.F.L. business agent, who in 1940 founded Ohio's Jack & Heintz Inc., makers of aircraft equipment, put lavied a \$500,000 initial investment into a Congress-stirring \$8,000,000 wartime profit (after taxes) despite boundless employee bonuses (his secretary's 1941 gross: \$36,000); after a long illness, in Rancho Santa Fe, Calif.

Died. Eleanor Butler Alexander Roosevelt, 71, widow of Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt Jr.; of a stroke, in Oyster Bay, N.Y. Personification of the "strenuous life" advocated by her famed father-in-law, Mrs. Roosevelt was a dedicated service worker in Europe during both World Wars; a vigorous campaigner in her husband's races for public office, a gracious Governor's lady during his terms in Puerto Rico and the Philippines, and in her 1950 memoirs, *Day Before Yesterday*, an able chronicler of their life together.

Died. Lester Patrick, 70, ice hockey's "Silver Fox," who pioneered many of the tactics that have since become standard of lung cancer, in Victoria, B.C. In 1928, as a 44-year-old coach, Patrick provided one of hockey's most memorable moments when he replaced an injured goalie, worked the nets for the first time in his life, saved a Stanley Cup play-off game for the New York Rangers.



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ART



FRA BARTOLOMMEO'S "ADORATION OF THE MAGI"

The Informal View

A great painter's monument rests in his paintings, but he is often at his most appealing in his drawings. Last week the Metropolitan Museum of Art opened the first exhibition of 128 drawings from the collection of retired Manhattan Banker Walter C. Baker. The pictures straddle the centuries, fix on no style or school. But each in its way adds some intimate clue to how the mind of the artist works.

Probably the first man to collect drawings in a systematic way, says the Metropolitan's assistant curator of European paintings, Claus Virc, was Giorgio Vasari (*The Lives of the Painters*). But the artists of Vasari's time had a special affection for their less ambitious creations. Young students pored over them to study design. Raphael and Dürer exchanged drawings as a mark of esteem, and Michelangelo would on occasion make a drawing for someone he was particularly fond of. Noble and royal patrons soon caught the fever. Charles I of England was such an avid collector of paintings and drawings that Rubens called him "the most art-loving prince in Europe."

In the 1800s, the collector was often a fashionable portraitist like Sir Thomas Lawrence, who had 100 Dürers, 121 Rembrandts, 138 Michelangelos and 109 Raphaels by the time he died. Today such a private collection would be impossible. Most of the world's old master-drawings have found their permanent home in the

great museums, and the few that do appear on the open market command prices of anywhere up to \$30,000 for a Rembrandt or a Fragonard. Such a modern collector as Walter Baker must not only have taste but also unending patience: master-drawings no longer come in great lots, but for the most part must be picked up one by one and year by year.

The result is a variety that gives the Baker show a special flavor. The artists, usually shown at their most informal,



FRAGONARD'S "SULTAN"

suddenly seem a loquacious lot anxious not only to charm but to reveal all their secrets—how they built a composition, the kind of scene that would make them whip out a sketch pad, all the study and struggle that went into their greatest paintings. Rubens experiments by placing the handsome face of youth next to the mischievous face of an old satyr. Giovanni Battista Tiepolo catches a *Bearded Oriental in a Long Coat* hustling down a street, and his admirer, Jean Fragonard, of a generation later, immortalizes a brooding *Sultan* sprawled in a chair. The show runs from Florentine High Renaissance to 20th century U.S., but one of the rarest of the drawings is Fra Bartolommeo's *Adoration of the Magi*. The infant Christ is but a tiny and sketchy figure in the scene, but the eye leaps to him instantly and hesitates to leave. Three of England's greatest collectors—Earl Spencer, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir John Charles Robinson—all owned the *Adoration* at one time or another, and all thought that it had been done by Raphael.

In Elihu's Steps

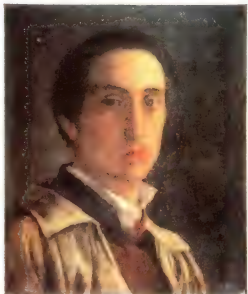
For sheer accumulation of art treasures, few college alumni groups can match the record of Old Yale Blues. Such acquisitiveness was perhaps inspired by Elihu Yale himself, who used his considerable merchant fortune to amass more than 9,000 paintings before he died in 1721. Four years ago a special university committee canvassed Yale collectors, persuaded them to exhibit 250 oils, watercolors and drawings at an alumni showing at the Yale University Art Gallery. Last week in New Haven, the second Yale alumni loan show was drawing record throngs. They were inspecting 263 new selections of Yale art—from a 15th century wood panel, *The Betrothal of St. Catherine of Siena*, by Hans Holbein the Elder, to a contemporary Willem de Kooning oil, *Sourcœur to Toulouse*.

The current show was hand-picked from the collections of 75 Yalermen (class of 1895 to the class of 1959) by the director of the Yale Art Gallery, Andrew Carnduff Ritchie. Refusing to select the works from photographs, Ritchie crisscrossed the U.S. to study each suggested entry, had no assistance in making his final choices. Says he: "One eye had to give unity to the show." Ritchie's eye was catholic; among the 150 oils, 68 watercolors and drawings, and 47 pieces of sculpture are works from 17 countries, ranging from the nightmarish quality of Francis Bacon's *Study for Head of a Pope*, lent by Beekman Cannon, '34, to Paul Gauguin's sunlit *Landscape at Le Pouldu*, lent by Paul Mellon; '29. France leads the list with 99 entries; next is the U.S. with 42. Most represented artist in the show is Picasso, with eleven pieces, followed by Degas with ten, Rodin with six, and Matisse, Cézanne, Monet and Vuillard with five each. The most represented U.S. artist is Winslow Homer, with three. Only Yale alumnus shown: Reginald Marsh, '20, with *East Tenth Street Jungle*.

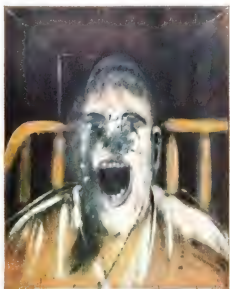
Many Yalermen attribute their collec-



MR. & MRS. W. AVERELL HARRIMAN. '13.—"RENDEZVOUS DANS LA FORET" BY ROUSSEAU

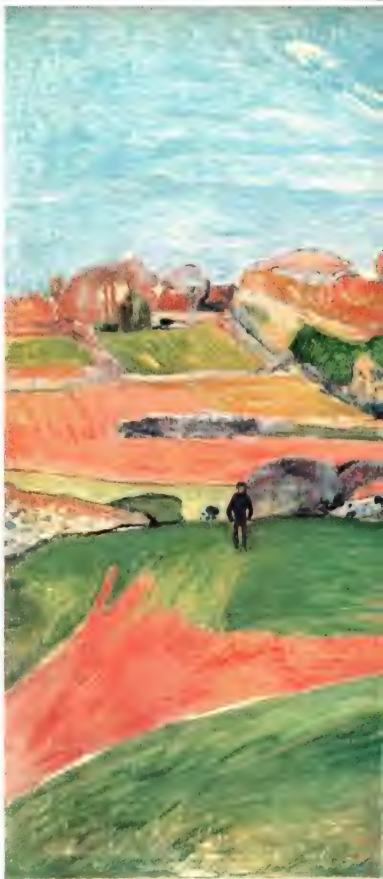


STEPHEN C. CLARK, '83
"SELF-PORTRAIT" BY DEGAS



MR. & MRS. BECKMAN CANNON, '84
"STUDY FOR HEAD OF A POPE" BY BACON

MR. & MRS. PAUL MELLON, '29
"LANDSCAPE AT LE POUÏDU" BY GAUGUIN







MR. & MRS. HENRY J. HEINZ II, '31—"WOMAN WITH A SHAWL" BY TAMAYO

tions more to a healthy inheritance than to a love of art fostered by their alma mater. Says Averell Harriman, '13: "My interest in painting was not born at Yale. I was exposed to good art all my life." Harriman acquired Henri Rousseau's *Renard dans la Forêt* from a dealer in Paris in 1935; the dealer had bought it from a washerwoman to whom Rousseau had given the painting in payment for her services. Several alumni have lent a number of works to the show; Industrialist Stephen C. Clark, '03, donated 24 pieces to the exhibit, among them Degas' *Self Portrait*. Another top contributor is Henry J. (57 Varieties) Heinz, '31, who lent Rufino Tamayo's somber *Woman with a Shawl*, along with 15 other paintings and sculpture. Estimated value of all the art treasures shown: more than \$20 million.

Buried Treasure

To Germain Bazin, chief curator of the Louvre, it had been a most unpleasant year. Week after week the press would speak accusingly of the Louvre's "attics," its "cellars" and its "obscure prisons." In these sealed-off rooms, charged the critics, hundreds of masterpieces had lain "buried" to Frenchmen for years. Bazin protested that no museum has room enough to exhibit all its treasures, but there was no silencing the critics. Cried the indignant weekly *Arts* magazine: "We want to know our national patrimony!"

So emotional did the controversy become that Novelist André Malraux himself, the cultural grand panjandrum of De Gaulle's Fifth Republic, solemnly promised the National Assembly that the treasures would be "brought out" some time in 1960. But where should they be exhibited? Malraux thought of the new industrial exhibition hall in the suburb of Puteaux, but the hall was obviously too far away for most Parisians. Next he thought of Paris' Grand Palais, but the Palais, which usually features automobile shows, household arts exhibits and the like, had had too many fires. Finally, Malraux hit upon a solution: put on the show in the Louvre itself.

Last week Parisians swarmed into seven big galleries, freshly painted and refurbished with special funds from the Assembly, to view 700 works, few of which had ever been seen by the present generation. Covering the walls almost from floor to ceiling, the paintings ranged in time from a superb 14th century primitive (*The Flagellation of Christ*) through the works of Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Tintoretto, Vermeer, Fragonard, Rubens and Van Dyck, and on down to 1800. When Paris finally digests this show, another lot from the buried reserves, which some officials estimate to number as many as 2,000 items, will be put on display. And this month 22 new rooms at the Louvre will be opened up, after having been closed for 15 years for lack of funds. Exulted *France-Soir* last week: "There is no more mystery at the Louvre. The Louvre is in the process of becoming a living museum." Sighed a relieved Curator Bazin: "The future beams more serene."

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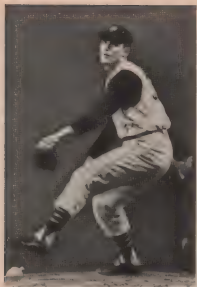
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SPORT



PITCHER LAW
Courtesy on the mound.

The Bouncy Pirates

The players are an assorted lot, a collection of the shy and the brash, the pure and the profane. What is more, they ridicule their differences with some of the sharpest locker-room needling in the majors. But the Pittsburgh Pirates welcome and encourage their brand of banter. "The kidding relaxes the whole team," says Third Baseman Don Hoak, "and that's good, because baseball is a very simple game unless you make it tough. Just hit the damn ball and run to first. Just pick it up and throw to first."

Last week the relaxed Pirates were hitting and throwing the ball so well that they won six games in a row and were leading the National League. Like the American League-leading Baltimore Orioles (*TIME*, June 6), the Pirates get their runs with sprinkles of singles, rely on a sound defense and the old-fashioned virtue of team spirit. "There's always someone who doesn't believe we're licked," says Manager Danny Murtaugh. "We've had four extra-inning games this year and won them all. This club has more bounce than any I've ever been with."

Mosh Notes & Messages. Perhaps the bounciest of all the Pirates is Outfielder Roberto ("Arriba") Clemente, 25, a showboating Puerto Rican who has one of the strongest arms in baseball, runs past coaches' frantic stop-signals and is besieged with mosh notes. A walling hypochondriac in past seasons, Clemente this year is in fine fettle, swings from the heels and has connected often enough to lead the league in batting with .360, and in runs-batted-in with 43. Characteristically, the Pirates' other big star contrasts completely with Clemente. Pitcher Vernon ("Deacon") Law, 30, is a Mormon elder and ordained minister who does not smoke, drink or swear, and carries about a notebook filled with ennobling messages. Throwing without a windup, the kindly

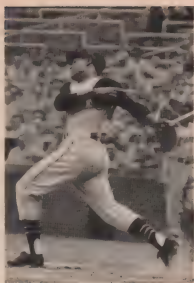
Law lets batters dig in confidently—and they have socked him for 13 home runs so far. But Law has pin-point control and a baffling curve ball; last week he shut out the Phillies 3-0 for his eighth win against one loss.

Fat Men & Firemen. The rest of the Pirates' big men have only the Pirates' particular cause in common. A former marine and boxer (29 wins in 39 fights), Don Hoak keeps the air blue during a game, is the team's tough holler guy. Catcher "Smoky" Burgess, 33, is shaped like a bench rider on a fat man's softball team, but is hitting .310. Bob Skinner, 28, is a self-effacing outfielder with a batting average of .335. Team Captain and Shortstop Dick Groat, 29, is hitting .328, but is even more valuable for his competitive fire. Pitcher Bob Friend, 29, whose record is six and three, dresses and acts like a junior executive, but would throw at his maiden aunt's head if she crowded the plate with a bat in her hands.

Faced with this polyglot group, Manager Murtaugh is wise enough to stay in the background, build his regulars' confidence by leaving them in the line-up through slump and surge. Murtaugh is the soul of tact when he walks out to relieve a pitcher. His standard remark: "It's one of those days. We'll get you a little help." This season Murtaugh himself is not sure why his Pirates have rebounded so well from last year's disappointing fourth-place finish. "You never know why they do good," he says. "You can only be grateful."

Ex-Bridesmaid

Jim Rathmann was only 20 in 1949 when he drove in his first Indianapolis 500. But he was already a veteran of the hot-rod and stock-car circuits, and he had scars and some chipped vertebrae to prove



SLUGGER CLEMENTE
Showboot in the field.

it. In that first start in Indianapolis' famed "Brickyard," Rathmann finished a creditable eleventh, and swore then and there that he would some day win the biggest event in U.S. racing.

Then started a decade of frustration for the taciturn driver. He was 4 min. 2.4 sec. behind the winner in 1952, and 17.35 sec. behind in 1957. Last year he trailed the winner, Rodger Ward, by 23 sec. Around Indianapolis they began calling Jim Rathmann the "Bridesmaid of the Brickyard."

When he showed up at Indianapolis this year, bailing Jim Rathmann had a sky-blue Ken-Paul Special, built by Leading Designer A. J. Watson, which could develop 375 h.p. Right from the start, Rathmann turned last week's 500 into a grim, personal duel with Ward. Watching them fight for the lead, spectators on a rickety scaffold in the infield leaned so far forward that the whole structure toppled with agonizing slowness, killing two and injuring 79. Wheel to wheel, lap after lap, Rathmann and Ward kept up their fight, hitting up to 180 m.p.h. on the straightaway, wheeling around the turns of the great oval at 135 m.p.h.

Late in the race, both men began to worry about their tires. "I could see the color changing as the rubber wore off," said Rathmann later. "There wasn't anything left." With three laps to go, Ward finally slowed down, and Rathmann roared past to win by 12.67 sec.—with the record average speed of 138.767 m.p.h.

By taking one of the most dramatic 500s in the 50-year history of the event, Rathmann earned \$44,000 (plus an estimated \$15,000 in endorsements and personal appearances) and the right to paint "No. 1" on the side of his car until the next 500. Said the ex-Bridesmaid of the Brickyard: "Ward's car seemed to have more steam than mine, but I just kept pushing him close. I don't believe in hard braking when you're trying to catch someone. I ran flat out all the way."



DRIVER RATHMANN
Flat out in the Brickyard.

Associated Press

The Prodigy

Swimming has always been the sport of the prodigy, from the Japanese teenagers who won in the 1932 Olympics to Australia's 17-year-old John Konrads, holder of world records from 220 to 1,650 yds. Last week it was clear that the U.S. could claim its own prodigy, who, among swimming's sprinters, may be the most prodigious ever. Steve Clark, a 16-year-old Los Altos, Calif. high school junior with a skintight crewcut and an adolescent's gangling frame of 5 ft. 11 in., 147 lbs., flashed through the 100-meter freestyle in 55.7 sec. to better by .1 sec. the fastest time any American ever swam the distance.

Son of a Westinghouse sales manager and an A student, Clark began swimming seriously at the age of four, by nine was training with Coach George Haines of the Santa Clara Swim Club. "This little guy always had a big heart," says Haines. "In some ways his light weight is an advantage. He has broad shoulders for power, but very thin legs, and he rides high in the water. This means less drag." In his daily training sessions Clark works out with another Haines pupil: Santa Clara's Chris Von Saltza, the U.S.'s finest all-round girl swimmer. A blonde and matured mermaid at 16, Chris can swim longer and harder than Steve, loves to challenge him in a round of four 400s, or eight 200s. "It's embarrassing," Clark admits, "especially at the long distances, when she makes it too close."

Despite his record swim last week, Steve Clark still frets about making the U.S. Olympic team: "There are five guys under 56 seconds who are bigger and stronger and maybe faster than me, and only two of us can be chosen." Most coaches agree that Clark is just beginning to break records. Says Clark himself: "I've got to gain 20 lbs., and when I do in a couple of years I'll be at my peak." But even before he reaches that peak, he may already have become the best sprinter anywhere.

Scoreboard

☐ A week after he ran a 3:58 mile, fastest ever turned by an American, bantam-sized Jim Beatty, 25, smashed the American mark for the 5,000 meters by 11.9 sec., with a time of 13:51.7, to give the U.S. its first strong candidate in the Olympic event in years, although Beatty is still far from the world record of 13:35 held by Russia's Vladimir Kuts.

☐ Every team in the majors wanted Catcher Dick Dietz, 18, when he graduated from high school in Greenville, S.C. with a wife, a daughter, two awards as an all-state halfback and a batting average of .426, but the San Francisco Giants last week signed up the 6-ft.-1-in., 195-lb. slugger with a bonus of \$85,000.

☐ Fresh from winning the French tennis championship, California's stocky, bullet-hitting Darlene Hard, 24, swept past Britain's Rita Bentley, 6-3, 6-3, to win the Northern England title, warm up for her big test this month at Wimbledon.



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Yet, more than half the towns checked in a recent U. S. survey reported a water shortage!

HOW COULD IT HAPPEN? It is an unhappy fact

that the country is billions of dollars behind in the construction of adequate local water facilities. This came about largely because of the nation's ballooning population . . . and the ever-increasing uses for water. Naturally, it caught most communities unaware.

WHAT'S BEING DONE? Some communities spotted the trouble early . . . places like Bloomington, Indiana, and Atlanta, Georgia. In such communities, alert public officials with the backing of citizen groups have updated their water systems. These officials have created the necessary reservoirs, built treatment plants, ex-



tended supply and distribution lines to homes and business. In community after community, rust-free, corrosion-resistant Johns-Manville Transite® Pipe—the white pipe made in the U.S.A.—is used to safeguard water purity and keep costs low.

HOW ABOUT YOUR TOWN? It's quite possible your officials are aware of the water problem. Thousands of them are checking their local situations with the help of "Priceless Water"... a guide to water system evaluation and improvement. It was prepared by Johns-Manville and is made available to public officials.

WHAT TO DO? Your officials need and deserve your help... on citizens' committees and at the polls. For a better understanding of the water problem in your town, you'll find "Priceless Water" a useful guide, too. For a free copy, simply write: "Priceless Water," Johns-Manville, Box 14-T2, New York 16, New York. In Canada: Port Credit, Ontario.



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Easier Money

To signal its significant shift toward an easier credit policy, the Federal Reserve Board last week made a headline-catching move. It cut the cost of loans to member banks by approving a drop in the discount rate to 3½% from 4% for its district banks in Philadelphia and San Francisco. Such cuts are usually followed by similar cuts at the rest of the twelve Federal Reserve district banks.

Since many banks are still under strong pressure from businessmen for loans, bankers do not expect the Fed's move to bring any quick cut in commercial loan rates. But lower interest should come in time, since the Fed has also been quietly adding to the money supply for several weeks to help ease the demand on banks. Short-term rates have already started down. The discount cut was partly to bring the Fed's rate in line.

The Fed was careful to point out that the cut was not being applied to offset any business recession, as cuts usually have been in the past. Instead, said the Fed, it is meant to perk up the economy at a time when business is steady. It is also true that a growing number of economists and businessmen have complained that the tight-money policy was going too far, and squeezing off the normal growth of the nation.

The Fed has been tightening money

since the last half of 1958 in an attempt to restrain inflationary pressures. Now, despite a slow advance in prices, the Fed feels that inflationary pressures are under control. Some of the unrealistic business exuberance in January that might have started another inflationary spiral in 1960 has been toned down. The Fed was not worried by a sharp rise in installment buying, which is usually the last form of credit to be affected by high interest rates. Installment credit in April rose \$53.3 million to \$40.3 billion, the biggest monthly gain since August 1959.

The discount cut is bound to make it easier—and cheaper—for the Government and business to raise cash. At the prospect of lower rates, long-term Government issues last week speeded up their recent climb: yield on one issue dropped to 3.93% v. 4.27% less than two months ago. Wall Street hoped that the Fed's next move would be to lower the 90% margin requirements on stock purchases. Brokers feel that the market, like the economy, has behaved well—and now could also use a little easier credit.

Return of the Bulls

"There appears to be justification for 'sensible' bullishness," reported Herbert H. Weitsman of L. F. Rothschild & Co. last week. This cautious appraisal illustrated Wall Street's changing mood. Only a month ago, traders sat in their storm cellars, waiting for the market squall that would knock stocks lower and lower. Since then, noticing patches of blue in the sky, they have gradually emerged. Most Streeters last week felt that the market was not going to take a hard fall, and may even be headed for a strong summer rally. Last week the market rose for the fifth week in a row, picked up 4.2 points to close at 628.98 on the Dow-Jones industrial average.

Wall Street's change in mood was caused by the fact that so far this year stocks have twice rebounded strongly after piercing the 600 mark on the Dow-Jones industrial average, leading Streeters to believe that that was probably the market's low for the year. Equally important, Wall Streeters were beginning to have doubts about the coming '1961 recession," a cliché believed in a few months ago as if it were an established fact. What gave them pause was the steadiness of the economy, the prospect of more defense spending, and easier credit engineered by the Federal Reserve.

Positive Dynamics. In this atmosphere, Wall Streeters are finding more and more use for one of the Street's most overworked words: selectivity. (The current definition: "Selectivity means that the stock you own goes up.") The best example of "selectivity" is the remarkable performance of the glamour, or growth, stocks. The blue-chip stocks included in the Dow-Jones average do not really reflect what has happened to these stocks.



Ed Milley

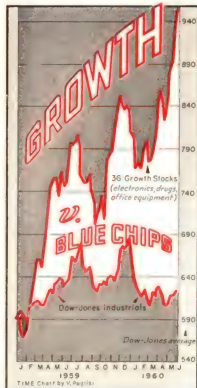
TEXAS INSTRUMENTS' JONSSON
Glamour was worth \$90 million.

For months the blue chips have in general shown little or no gain, and many have lost ground. In the past year Standard Oil (N.J.) has dropped from 51½ to 40½. Du Pont from 251 to 204½. General Motors from 50½ to 44. Anaconda from 63½ to 50. While the blue chips have been down, many of the growth stocks have been really scooting (see chart).

Growth stocks are not confined to missiles and electronics, also include such varied fields as drugs, office equipment and vending machines. Over the past year, Texas Instruments has jumped from 121 to 236½. Merck from 79 to 95. Universal Match from 74 to 157½ after one split. Even the blue chips that have picked up some glamour have been doing well, such as IBM, Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing and General Foods. Compared with the traditional price-earnings ratio of 16 to 1 for the blue chips, many of the glamour stocks are selling at up to 70 times earnings.

Wall Street has been mesmerized by the growth stocks' promise of future earnings and it is willing to pay a premium to get them, especially since their capitalizations are often comparatively small. The blue chips, with a huge number of shares outstanding, are viewed as high priced for the future growth opportunities they offer. General Motors, for example, with 28½ million shares outstanding, has to earn \$284 million in order to make another dollar per share.

Glamour Millionaires. Besides piling up capital gains for investors, the growth stocks have also created a new class of millionaire among the executives who head the companies. Texas Instruments' Chairman J. Erik Jonsson owns 381,132 shares now worth about \$90 million.



Charles ("Tex") Thornton, president of Litton Industries, bought his original stock at 10¢ a share, has seen it go to 82¢ after one split and a stock dividend, now owns 292,820 shares worth \$24 million.

Some Wall Streeters fear that the growth stocks, by their headlong rise, have already outrun their future. Even such a fervent apostle of growth as Sam Steedman of Loeb, Rhoades has his doubts; last week he sent out a memo warning that some glamour-stock prices were too high, advising caution in buying them. So last week many an investor took a second look at the stodgy old blue chips. Gains were run up by motors, oils, coppers, rails, utilities, and even by steels, which led the market after the industry cut steel production to the lowest point in nearly two years. Apparently Wall Streeters figured that the only direction in which the steel industry could go was up.

Speedup in Housing

The U.S. has been building more new homes than Government figures showed, the Census Bureau concluded last week. New figures, based on a much broader, more accurate sampling, showed that the U.S. last year put up 1,530,000 nonfarm housing units v. the 1,380,000 previously reported. The new statistics also make a less cheering point. They showed that building so far in 1960 is down 22% from last year instead of 19%. The drop in housing starts this April, as compared to April 1959, was 24% instead of 22%, confirming the complaints of many U.S. builders that they have been hurting worse than the statisticians believed.

Building now seems to be quickening. The upswing started in late April and, thanks to a steady easing in the money market (see above) and better weather, is expected to hold solid and steady for the rest of 1960. Government housing experts expect 1960 to be a 1,300,000-plus housing-start year, based on the new census figures, rather than the 1,200,000 year earlier expected.

AVIATION

Umbrella for Airplanes

At New York's Idlewild International Airport last week, Pan American World Airways opened the world's most striking terminal—a \$12 million glass-and-steel circular structure that is topped off by an immense, umbrella-like, cantilevered roof. With a 114-ft. overhang, the roof can shelter all but the tail sections of jet-liners at one time. Pan Am's is the fourth individual terminal to be opened at Idlewild. American, United and Eastern are already in operation. By 1962 the Northwest-Braniff-Northeast building will be up. So will Eero Saarinen's spectacular gull-like TWA terminal. Altogether, U.S. and foreign airlines—which once scorned Idlewild as too far from Manhattan—are now putting \$150 million into the Terminal City building program, giving Idlewild a World's Fair look.

Like the rest of Idlewild's buildings, Pan American's is designed to speed and



LOADING RAMP AT PAN AM'S NEW IDLEWILD TERMINAL
When the lights fade, walk to the plane.

Tommy Weber

pamper the often delayed and neglected air passenger. Instead of wrestling with swinging doors, the passenger enters the building through an 89-ft.-wide opening, which has an air curtain to keep out the weather. He puts his luggage on a conveyor, which speeds it on and off the scales, scoots it to the baggage area. Six 12-ft. electronic boards flash the latest flight information.

As a passenger waits for his flight in one of the six lounges, lights warn him of his departure: they fade over where he is sitting, and brighten at the loading zone he is supposed to take. (If he is dozing and does not get the hint, the old-fashioned public address system still pours in over

him.) Jetliners nose in to the terminal like animals to a trough. To enplane, passengers simply walk along a short, level ramp into the aircraft's nose door. The umbrella roof keeps the weather away.

CORPORATIONS

The Master Plumber

To build his giant H. K. Porter Co., Thomas Mellon Evans has taken over some 40 smaller companies, molded them into a widely diversified, tightly run industrial complex (1959 sales: \$225,956,904). Last year Evans shoved his way into Chicago's old and ailing Crane Co., the nation's fifth-ranking manufacturer

TIME CLOCK

EXPORT SURGE in April brought U.S. total for first four months to \$6.3 billion, a rise of 22% over the same period last year. Imports totaled \$5 billion. Exports in 1960 are now expected to exceed imports by at least \$2.5 billion, thus come closer to ending U.S. deficit (\$3.7 billion in 1959) in balance of payments.

JAPANESE PEARL shortage is expected because of \$19.5 million worth of damage from tidal waves generated by Chilean earthquakes. High seas destroyed oyster beds, disrupted the three-year growing cycle needed to turn a grain of sand into a pearl.

OIL IMPORT QUOTAS were cut by Interior Department from present 1,600,566 bbl. a day to 1,377,674, beginning July 1. Imports of oil used mainly for ship and factory fuel were reduced by nearly 50% for Eastern U.S. after pressure by coal men.

JAPANESE TEXTILE IMPORTS will be boycotted by Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, Union,

representing 385,000 in the men's clothing industry, approved a "direct-action" campaign against using Japanese fabrics in making garments.

MINIMUM WAGE BILL calling for an increase to \$1.25 per hour by 1962 from present \$1 ceiling is in works in House. It would set \$1.15-an-hour minimum this year. Bill would also extend coverage to additional 4,200,000 workers.

RAIL WAGE INCREASE of 4% was awarded to the 40,000-member Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers by arbitration board. The raise amounts to around 11¢ an hour, is expected to set pattern for 760,000 other operating railroad workers.

NEGRO LABOR COUNCIL was organized in Detroit by A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, to represent 1.5 million Negroes in U.S. unions. Council will fight inside A.F.L.-C.I.O. to end segregation and discrimination in labor movement.

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of plumbing fixtures, and started out to put together a plumbing-fixture empire with Crane as a base and Michigan's Briggs Manufacturing Co. as a major part.

But last week cocky Tom Evans, 49, suffered his first major setback. In Detroit a federal judge issued a temporary restraining order thwarting Evans' effort to take over Briggs, the nation's sixth-largest maker of plumbing fixtures (1959 sales: \$21,502,583).

While Evans was buying into Briggs, he picked up the facilities of four firms—Chapman Valve Manufacturing Co., National-U.S. Radiator Corp., Swartwout Co. and Pipe Fabricators. When Briggs directors flatly turned down his offer to buy Briggs outright, Evans (through Crane) bought 21% of Briggs's common stock, the largest single block. He was all set to elect at least part of an "independent board" of his own choice, which was likely to be more amenable to his taking over. But the court found that Evans' attempt to take over Briggs may violate antitrust laws, blocked him from voting his stock at the annual meeting June 17 unless an appellate court, now pondering the case, reverses the decision.

FTC Charges. Evans' rapid acquisitions of plumbing-fixture manufacturers also brought an antitrust complaint from the Federal Trade Commission. Evans had his own explanation for the complaint. To the New York Society of Security Analysts he said darkly: "Somebody came to me several months ago and said, 'If you don't get out of Briggs, one of the family is married to a Senator from Michigan, and we're going to stir up things in Washington.' Michigan's Democratic Senator Philip A. Hart, married to a daughter of the firm's founder, heatedly denounced Evans' inuendo.

Next month FTC pre-hearing conferences begin in Washington. If the FTC proves that Crane's acquisitions are lessening competition, Evans will have to dismantle the plumbing combine he so rapidly built up. Evans answers that American Radiator & Standard Sanitary so dominates the field that it accounted last year for 45% to 50% of all sales in the U.S. "If they want real competition," says Evans, "letting Crane merge with these smaller companies is one way of doing it. Otherwise, it will be a race to see who goes broke first."

Unmonevied Mellon. Tom Evans, a distant cousin of Pittsburgh's moneyed Mellons, has made a personal fortune on his own estimated at \$80 million. After graduating from Yale in 1931, he got a start as a \$100-a-month clerk in the office of William L. Mellon, then head of Gulf Oil Corp. Showing budding financial genius, Evans rented Gulf stock from Mellon at 3% interest, used the stock as collateral to borrow money to play the market. His profits he plowed back into Gulf stock, used his returns to buy into H. K. Porter, a faltering manufacturer of steam locomotives. By 1939 Porter was forced into bankruptcy, and Evans became president when it was reorganized.

With the Porter company as a base,



Ted Castle—Fortune

PORTER'S EVANS

A firm hand with the shales.

Evans set out to acquire others, showed himself a clever and cool reorganizer of corporations. His method is simple: he looks for faltering companies that have potential earning power and whose stock is selling for less than the company's book value. He also likes to find a company with cash in the till to help pay the purchase cost. Evans never merges his company with others through stock swaps, instead buys the other company's stock and retires it, thus increasing the value of the purchasing company's stock. Per-share value of Porter stock increased from \$9.32 in 1950 to \$49.43 last year.

Evans states his business philosophy simply: "A chief purpose of corporations is to make money for the stockholders." A major ill in U.S. business, Evans believes, is that not enough directors have their financial fate riding on the company they direct. Says Evans: "Good business is self-interest. If a director does not have as much stock as he can afford, he is simply not involved enough." Evans practices his beliefs: he owns 76% (worth \$43 million) of Porter's common stock; in Crane he owns 162,000 shares, worth \$8,000,000.

No Heart? When Evans moves into a faltering company, he ruthlessly shakes it up. When he took over Crane, he closed or sold 43 of its 130 branch outlets and fired four vice presidents. Six directors have quit the board. Crane executives who watched him in operation call him "cruel and brutal." Pickets striking against Crane carried signs at the annual meeting reading MONEY MAD EVANS HAS NO HEART.

But under Evans' firm hand, Crane is doing better. While sales fell last year as Evans slashed unprofitable lines of products, earnings jumped to \$6,517,746 (v. \$2,167,345 in 1958). This year the trend continues: earnings for the first quarter were 67¢ per share (v. 38¢ for the same



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period last year). And although Evans must justify his expansionism to a federal court in the U.S., he has no antitrust worries in Europe. There he has already invested more than \$5,000,000 so far this year in three plants for Crane. He expects to add others soon.

MANAGEMENT

The Office Caste System

In theory, many U.S. corporations pride themselves on being one big happy family where top executives are called by their first names and the president's door is open to all. But in practice, says *Modern Office Procedures* magazine in its June issue, the well-run office is no such place. It is an entrenched caste system, extending even beyond the office to the family. In a survey of company attitudes, the magazine concludes that companies are caste-conscious and glad of it.

Company executives, the survey shows, defend the caste system as a source of discipline and respect: "Someone has to give orders; someone has to take them. If the relation between supervisor and subordinate is fettered by friendship, the company loses." For example, an accounting manager had two close friends who did a sloppy job working for him. Result? All three were fired. The reason, explains a member of top management, is simple: "Every supervisor at one time or another has to get tough with his subordinates. He can't do this if he's too friendly with the people under him."

Companies that get too comradely often regret it. When one firm decided to have monthly parties at employees' homes to promote togetherness, it "ran into petty personality fights, accusations of favoritism and severe back-biting that carried over into the office." After this experience, the firm reversed itself, told management to cut off all outside friendships with subordinates.

The office caste system is hardest on those newly promoted, because it forces them—and their wives—to break away from friends. A wife, says one executive, "can be downright dangerous if she insists on keeping close friendships with the wives of her husband's subordinates. Her friendships will rub off on him, color his judgment about the people under him, jeopardize his job."

In a horribly practical guide for losing friends and dropping acquaintances, *Modern Office Procedures* recommends this course to the newly promoted:

❑ Break with old friends and subordinates gradually, so as not to build resentment.
❑ Find logical excuses for not joining friends at coffee breaks, miss the department bowling or card session occasionally, then more frequently.

❑ Accept invitations to subordinates' homes at first, but reciprocate only with group invitations. Then do not accept at all.

❑ Give wives more time to pull away from friendships, since they "don't understand the protocol of office organization because they aren't exposed to it daily."

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TOURIST EUROPE 1960

A Guide to Prices & Places

FROM speedy new quadruped jets and slower prop planes, from fast liners and converted wartime Victory ships, 500,000 Americans will land in Europe this summer in the greatest tourist invasion in history. With curiosity and half a billion in cash, they will wander from the all-night-sun Lapland, north of the Arctic Circle, to the storied isles of the Aegean. Some will tramp through cathedrals, others will look for the high life, and many will exhaust themselves trying to combine some of both. But Americans in Europe in 1960 are in for some surprises.

The natives are on the move too. In many places the demand for hotel rooms will outrun facilities; 1960 is the year of the big squeeze, and traveling will often prove hard work. At the height of the season, which begins this month and runs through September, tourists must be prepared to scramble for unreserved hotel rooms, cadge for scarce festival tickets, and moan their way through traffic tie-ups that rival rush hours in Manhattan. But customs red tape has been minimized, and except for the Iron Curtain countries and Yugoslavia, visas are burdens of the past, and so is the black market for currency.

Prices & Budgets. Prices have risen sharply, along with Europe's standard of living, are up 5% to 10% this year above 1959. Minimum budget: \$10 per person per day, plus round-trip fare. The most expensive countries are Britain, France, Sweden, Switzerland and Belgium.

Still cheap are Spain, Austria and Ireland. Biggest travel bargain in 1960, after the initial expense of getting there: Greece, where accommodations are improving, though rarely luxurious, and prices are low: \$10 per day for de luxe double room, \$2.50 to \$3.50 for the best dinner available.

Air, Ocean & Rail. Air fares are 8% higher than last year for first class (\$900 New York to London round trip); up also are economy flights (\$486 New York-London round trip). Planes are virtually booked solid until July 15. Cheapest scheduled flights are on Icelandic Airlines DC-48 and -46s between New York and London (\$405.20 round trip). Other bargains: round-trip tickets that allow unlimited stops en route. With a jet flight from New York to Rome on a round-trip economy ticket (\$620.30), a tourist can choose stops in 24 cities in eleven countries. Charter flights that require a minimum of 60 people from an organized group (e.g., women's clubs, country clubs, lodges) cost as little as \$250 per round trip.

Travel by sea costs 5% to 8% more than last year in all classes (about \$604 to \$864 for first class, \$420 to \$467 tourist class round trip). Ship space is almost entirely filled through July 15, but there are some first-class bookings available. On the Continent, a joint 13-nation Eurailpass offers unlimited rail travel, plus rides on ferry boats and steamers on the Rhine, Danube and Swiss lakes, with a single \$125 ticket valid for two months. Rail bargains are being offered by Britain and Ireland: a 1,000-mile tourist ticket for \$34 first class and nine-day unlimited-mileage tickets for \$30. Switzerland's weekend rail trips offer a return fare almost free, and in the Scandinavian countries tourists are being offered fare cuts of 25%.

Cars & Roads. More than 250,000 Americans will buy and rent cars to see Europe, pay \$50 per day for chauffeur-driven Cadillacs and \$16 per day for Volkswagen buses. Cars can be rented through the American Automobile Association and from Hertz and Avis in advance, or from firms on the Continent, which have rates about \$1 per day cheaper—\$2.50 per day for a Volkswagen, plus 5¢ per kilometer (.6 of a mile) and gas. Roads are good except in Spain, Portugal, Yugoslavia, and behind the Iron Curtain. European gas prices are still exorbitant by U.S. standards, average 55¢ per U.S. gal., run as high as 34¢ per gal. in France and Italy. But special cut-rate government coupons provide a 21% discount in France, 30% in Italy.

Guided Tours. Conducted tours run as low as \$587 for an eight-day, seven-country trip. There are special tours for bachelors (lots of nightclubs), theater buffs (1960 is the year for the Oberammergau Passion Play), stamp collectors (London's International Exhibition in July), golfers (following the tournaments and playing the best courses in the British Isles). For James Joyce fans, it is even possible to be conducted on a lurch through Dublin in the steps of Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom, taking two hours or two days, depending on how many "balls of malt" (Irish whisky) are downed en route. Touring cost for two: \$6 in a horse-drawn Dublin cab. For \$2.50 from West Berlin there is a guaranteed-safe-return tour, including bleak Communist East Berlin.

Where to Stay. All European first-class hotels in major cities will be jammed, have few rooms and small hellos for travelers without reservations. Paris' top triumvirate (Ritz, George V and the Crillon) are already booked well into August. Cost: upwards of \$20 per day for double rooms. Second-class hotels and pensions will be easier to get into. Biggest crush will be in Rome, where the 17-day Olympics start on Aug. 25. Olympics officials are planning to set up beds in monasteries and schools for the 100,000 foreigners per day expected to attend, promise that "nobody will be homeless."

New hotels are rising in the Scandinavian countries. Copenhagen's Royal Hotel (double rooms start at \$9) will be ready in July. In Spain, hotel rates are government-controlled, and the best, such as Madrid's Ritz and Palace, start at \$12 per night for two. (Old Spanish Traveler Ernest Hemingway always stays at the Casa de Suecia.) Accommodations in Greece are better this year. The King's Palace Hotel in Athens, which opened last November, is first class. The Aegean isles of Paros and Rhodes will have more facilities (\$5 to \$6 per double room), and the new highway between Larissa and Salonica has a new hotel in the shadow of Mount Olympus.

Where to Dine. The tradition of Paris' elegant restaurants is to be had at prices more elegant than ever (minimum: \$8 per person) at Tour d'Argent (try the violet soufflé), Maxim's (Roger Viard is Albert's successor as head waiter), Lapérouse and Grand Vefour, where the specialty is ortolan, a European finch served under glass. Parisian diners-out, who shift their favor unpredictably, still rank Lasserre's highly, which specializes in squab (about \$18 for two), and for less fancy eating prefer Chez Les Anges (specialty: steak Aphrodite) or the Rotisserie de l'Abbaye, with its Renaissance décor and troubadours, or the Lucas-Carton, with its *belle époque* atmosphere. For outdoor dining, the waters and woods of Paris' Bois de Boulogne form the background for the Pavillon Royal and the Pré Catalan (specialty: chicken in champagne).

In the provinces, knowing tourists thumb their *Guide Michelin*, which this year only gives its coveted three stars to seven restaurants outside Paris: at Le Baux-de-Provence (Baumanière), Naves (La Petite Auberge), Vienne (Pyramide), Talloires (Auberge du Père Bise) and Avallon (Poste). Special inexpensive tourist menus are available at restaurants that bear the government tourist office's white and blue signs with a chef's head and one to four stars. A three-course meal costs \$1 at a one-star restaurant, \$4 at a four-star restaurant.

Flaming Meat Platters. In Vienna, where the eating is rich, there are flaming meat platters at the Csardasfürstin and Alpine trout at the Rotisserie Coq d'Or. The Drei Husaren (Three Hussars), probably Vienna's best restaurant, concentrates on veal schnitzel and crepes filled with rich chocolate or strawberry cream, Anton Karas (*The Third Man* zither player) has his own wine bibberly.

Two of London's favorite restaurants this year are the expensive Mirabelle and the Guinea, a converted pub. Less

expensive and more colorful are Ye Olde Cock Tavern, a Fleet Street favorite of newsmen since Charles Dickens' time, and Alexander's, a basement hideaway for visiting celebrities.

Favored in Scandinavia are: Copenhagen's Langelinie Pavilion, in a garden overlooking the harbor; Oslo's Viking, decorated by Gauguin's son Paul; and Stockholm's downtown Riche and outlying Stenhammar Lodge (\$16 for two). Rome's "21" is the posh Hostaria dell'Orso, in the house where Dante once lived, and Da Gigetto has a lot of classic atmosphere for the price (\$4-\$6 for two). Florence's Sostanza serves Tuscan beef at long, crowded tables (\$4 for two); Venice's Colombo, at San Luca, offers fish specialties served in an open courtyard.

In Germany, Munich favorites are Holzmüllers, which makes a tantalizing *Säuberger Nockerl* (fluffy cake of egg whites), and the excellent Walterspiel at the Vier Jahreszeiten (Four Seasons) Hotel. Also recommended: Zurich's chalet-style Veltliner Keller combines rustic atmosphere with Swiss specialties; Brussels' Ancienne Barrière (specialty: oysters in champagne).

Fun After Dark. Although nearly every West European city except respectable Rome has its striptease shows, the bawdiest are in Paris, Hamburg and Brussels. Among the popular places: Brussels' Chez Paul au Gaiety; Paris' flashy Lido, and the broader diversions of the famed Crazy Horse. Hamburg's Reeperbahn nightclub strip is Germany's gaudiest and roughest.

In Rome, where strip shows are forbidden, natives find the best show is to sit at a sidewalk café on the elegant Via Veneto and sip *espresso* while Italian beauties sway by. There are other forms of culture too: *Carmen*, *Bohème* and *Aida*, with live camels, horses and elephants, will be given on an outdoor stage in the Baths of Caracalla (July 2-Sept. 4).

In London, a Leicester Square theater has been turned into a large restaurant. The Talk of the Town, with a floor show for the entire family and plenty of floor space for dancing (about \$6.75 per person). There is little night life in Sweden and Norway, where strip shows are forbidden, but some restaurants stay open until 4 a.m. with hands for dancing. Best jazz is at Vienna's Fatty's Saloon and the Adebahr, Rome's Riecktop's on the Via Veneto, and Paris' Caveau de la Huchette. To end the evening, Paris has the traditional onion soup at Les Halles, Paris' great produce market. There is also Le Drug Store on the Champs Élysées, where the *spécialités de la maison* are hamburgers.

Where & What to Buy. One of the finest shopping streets in Europe is Paris' Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, home of such couturiers as Lanvin and Cardin as well as Hermès—a combination of Mark Cross and Abercrombie & Fitch—where expensive leather goods are made on the premises (e.g., an \$80 copy of a handbag for Princess Grace of Monaco).

In France, tourists can save up to 20% in local taxes by paying in traveler's checks. In England, the local tax can be saved by showing a U.S. passport and having the goods shipped to the airport or ship, or directly to the U.S. In Switzerland, the tourist can cut about 15% off the list price of watches by some haggling (a reliable 17-jewel watch costs about \$25, a self-winding watch about \$40). In Belgium, best buys are handmade lace in Bruges (at Durein) or Brussels (at Diane Dirigent), hunting rifles from Bury Donckier in Liège and cut diamonds in Antwerp, where they sell for 30% to 50% less than in New York. Holland has antique auctions in Amsterdam and at Delft (from Aug. 24 to Sept. 14), specializing in porcelain, silver and paintings. In the Scandinavian countries there are savings of up to 60% on stainless-steel flatware and silver (e.g., Georg Jensen silver costs about 13 times more in New York). Impressive bargains are at shops of Shannon, a customs-free airport. An ounce of Jean Patou Joy perfume costs \$20.50 in U.S., \$28.20 in Paris, \$50 in New York.

Festivals & Village Fetes. In 1960 there will be more than 100 festivals to choose from in addition to those devoted to music (TIME, June 6). Spain's explosive Pamplona San Fermín bullfighting festival begins at sunrise on July 6 as a herd of bulls thunder through the streets on their way to the ring. At the Palio di Siena (July 2 and Aug. 16), daredevil jockeys

race bareback around the medieval city square. Venice's Feast of the Redeemer (July 16) features a night-long procession of lantern-filled gondolas in the Grand Canal. The walled village of Marostica (two hours' drive from Venice) puts on a live and lively chess match, with people dressed as chess pieces, in the town square (Sept. 3 and 4).

Germany's most famous festival is Munich's Oktoberfest (Sept. 24-Oct. 9), which concentrates on beer swilling. The Dublin Horse Show runs from Aug. 2 to 6. Czechoslovakia will feature the Straznice Folk Festival (July 16 and 17), where 2,000 dancers will compete in the courtyards of the Straznice Castle, near the Austrian border. Greece's best is the festival of Epidaurus, where classic tragedies and comedies are being performed in an ancient open-air theater 100 miles south of Athens during June and July. New this year: the Fioriade in Rotterdam (through Sept. 25), the world's largest flower show.

Sightseeing by Water. River travel, in addition to the traditional trips down the Rhine (\$6 from Cologne to Wiesbaden) and the 13-hour trip along the Danube from Passau in Germany to Vienna, is one way to beat the crowded highways. Best way to make the Danube run is to board the night before (deck cabin, plus one-way fare for two: \$16), awaken as the trip begins. British waterway cruises now include boat trips up the Thames to Oxford as well as chartered cruises (from \$37 per week for boats with two berths to \$112 for six).

On Holland's 6,000 miles of inland waterways, motorboats that sleep four can be chartered from \$50 to \$150 a week. (Most are already reserved.) Sweden offers a pleasant, three-day cruise through the Gota Canal and Sweden's largest lakes (\$126). A four-day tour of the Finnish Lake Saimaa district by bus and boat from Helsinki costs \$52.50.

Off the Traveled Trail. Cheapest way to see the Continent is the way many Europeans (particularly Germans) do: camp out. Basic equipment (tent, air mattresses and sleeping bags, two-burner stove and utensils) costs about \$100 in Europe. Camping sites with running water are available in all countries, cost 75¢ per night for two people and a car. It sometimes requires great tolerance of one's fellow man and his debris. To see Ireland in a rut, the Cork Caravan Co. has a horse-drawn gypsy cart that sleeps four, costs \$40 per week, including bottled gas for cooking, built-in lights and the horse.

For ancestor hunters, the British Travel and Holidays Association will recommend professional genealogists or will compile the title search in advance and arrange a visit to ancestral homes. More than 60 French châteaux have been converted to accommodate tourists in the formidable dual splendor of the 13th and 15th centuries at prices ranging from \$16-\$40 per day for a double, including meals. For the ultimate in converted castles: the Sportsman's Club at Mittersill, Austria. Once-only guests are accepted at \$40 to \$50 per night for the privilege of trout fishing and hunting.

Behind the Iron Curtain. Visas to Russia and the satellite countries take from one to six weeks to obtain. Despite Khrushchev's unwelcoming noises, a record number of Americans (20,000) are expected to sign up for some 40 trips to 60 cities offered by Intourist, the official Soviet travel agency. The experience is dull but instructive. Prices: \$10 to \$30 per day. All satellite countries are offering special currency-exchange rates to tourists.

Warsaw is drab and still rubble-strewn, but memorable. The ancient capital of Cracow retains its medieval splendor. So does Prague, with its beautiful setting, on the Moldau, hotels are good (single: \$11.75 per day with meals). Bureaucracy controls: the hotel costs must be paid before the tourist can use his visa. A four-day tour of Bohemian spas and castles costs \$38.20 with meals.

Budapest has removed all the visible evidence of the 1956 revolution. The Gellert Hotel (just refurbished), the Duna and the Grand, the city's best, cost \$20.50 per day for two, including meals. The evening includes gypsy violins, and a capitalist 15% service charge is added to the bill to help remind the tourist that Europe is Europe.

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Assistant Sales Manager, Ralston Division, Ralston Purina Company, St. Louis. Bob's typical of the modern traveling executive—100,000 miles or more a year. He's used many car rental services, but for the past two years he's been a National Car regular. Why? Let him tell you about a recent business trip he made to Florida with our photographer along...



"MY FIRST STOP—NATIONAL'S AIRPORT OFFICE" where he met Jacksonville's National Car Rentals owner-manager, Ebbie Brown. Bob used his National Card (though National's 800 nationwide offices accept all recognized cards). He had reserved a new Ford station wagon with a special luggage carrier before leaving St. Louis. It was ready and waiting.



SHAD-KENNELS

"ON THE ROAD, MY NATIONAL CAR'S MY OFFICE..." or sometimes a conference room or a store." One of Bob's many trips around Jacksonville was a Professional Dog Courtesy Call to Shad Kennels to discuss Purina Dog Chow with owner Henry Shad. "I found the kennels easily, thanks to the route Ebbie laid out for me. On a call like this you really appreciate the big convenience of reserving a station

wagon. Only trouble is, the dogs always think they're going hunting when you open up the back end, and they're ready to pile in. And there's always a puppy, or two, I'd like to take with me." After the visit, Bob made good use of the brush National had supplied in the dashboard. He quickly cleaned off "probably the only pair of mohair trousers in Florida."

about the localized, ***NATIONAL CAR RENTALS***



"NATIONAL CARS ARE REALLY BABIED! As I picked up my Ford wagon, Ebbie proudly pointed out that every National car he owns is washed, cleaned, and safety-checked after every rental. I've noticed that managers who personally own their own cars, as they do in the National System, just naturally seem to take better care—personal interest—in their property."



"NATIONAL KNOWS THE BEST ROUTES. As I had some 40 calls to make—grocery stores, kennels, institutions—from Jacksonville all the way down the coast, I asked about the best roads. Ebbie—like most National managers—knows local road conditions and marked up a map for me. (Note the National attendant loading up my store display material. I appreciate little extras like that."



"WONDERFUL PLACE TO STOP" (through a National tip). Swinging back up the coast from an institutional call at Patrick Air Force Base, Bob stopped at the Ko-Ko Motel just south of Canaveral. "When I'm not familiar with restaurants or motels, I often ask the National Car manager and I'm seldom disappointed. Just missed seeing a big shoot from the Cape."



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THE THEATER

New Show in Manhattan

Grand Kabuki made its U.S. debut at Manhattan's City Center at the very moment that all Broadway went dark (*see SHOW BUSINESS*), and comments about its shedding compensating light were inevitable. For this is one of Japan's oldest and greatest theater troupes, to whose dance-and-song-dotted productions Japanese audiences go again and again—as they do in the West to nightclub turns or ballets—to savor particular details, or compare performances, or await dramatic or choreographic high points. Unlike pre-

od itself tends toward theatrical rather than dramatic rewards.

Of the three plays, much the richest and finest is the old *No* play, where distance in time mates well with that of place; where everything is the more ritualized for being more barbaric; where there is a splendid show of costume and music (the chief instrument is the banjo-like *samisen*), of processions and dancing. Here, too, the story is the universal one of the resourceful servant, who in this case plays a serious role; he gets his disguised young master past a hostile mountain barrier. Among many felicities, the act-



Martin Swope

GRAND KABUKI PLAYERS
Action like sculpture.

vious Kabuki-type visitors to America. Grand Kabuki, as true Kabuki, consists of all-male casts. Though Kabuki actually originated around 1600 with a woman dancer, one of its great modern claims to distinction is its *onnagata*, or extraordinary female impersonators.

For its three weeks at City Center, Grand Kabuki went American Plan in three ways: it offered audiences individual transistor radios to hear about what was happening on the stage, it permitted curtain calls, and it cut its usual five-hour performances to three. On its opening bill were an adaptation of a classic 15th-century *No* drama, a doll or puppet play, and a work of late 19th-century "realism." Whatever their genre, all three are some times elaborately, sometimes delicately stylized, even to their high-pitched speech; far from merely accepting stage artifices, they glory in them and glorify them. The result is often a triumph of manner. The actor does not lose himself in the part; he arrays himself in it. Sometimes the action approaches the formal repose of sculpture, at other times the formal movement of ballet. Perhaps the Kabuki meth-

ing and formal dancing of *Shoroku II*,[®] as the retainer, stand out.

The doll play, telling of a blind man and his wife who commit suicide, and of a goddess who restores them to life, scores chiefly through details and through Utaemon VI's acting as the woman. To a Westerner, the snail-paced story seems more often theatrically trite than poetically touching. On the other hand, the final play—telling of a rich provincial who falls in love with a courtesan and tries, with tragic consequences, to buy her out of her brothel—has not only pictorial charm but genuine story and character interest. Here Grand Kabuki conveys very well the theatrical vividness—and the esthetic purity—of its method, without any hint of vulgarity. And though the Kabuki method, by making a ceremony of the mere uttering of platitudes or repeating of pleasanties, often sadly slows things down, even that has its uses in a Broadway world always hell-bent on speeding things up.

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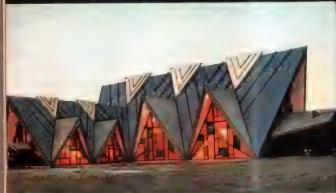
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MISCELLANY

Gutter Ball. In Spencerville, Ohio, after bowling an exasperating 109 game, Paul Page marched out of the Lyn Lee Lanes, lofted his ball into the Miami and Erie Canal.

Sultans of Swat. In Istanbul, Turkey, during an all-out effort to rid the city of flies, the Municipal Health Department directed its entire staff to spend their lunch hour killing the insects, required each to turn in a casualty report.

The Eyes Have It. In Memphis, after a police officer described him as a drunken driver because of his "glassy stare," Defendant Robert Malone took the stand and removed his glass left eye.

Squeeze Play. In Stockton, Calif., the Industrial Accident Commission awarded Women's Wear Clerk Betty Owens \$2,000 for a back injury suffered while squeezing a 250-lb. customer into a corset.

Bonbon's Bang. In Green Bay, Wis., Housewife Peggy Wolf bit into what appeared to be a piece of candy, suffered a slight concussion when it turned out to be a firecracker.

Wet Blanket. In Miami Beach, after being asked to dive into a swimming pool at the climax of the Waterworks Association's annual convention, Jackie Johnson Miss American Waterworks of 1960, declined the honor, explaining: "I'm afraid of the water."

Bornstorming. In Foyil, Okla., after trying to decide what to do with the half of his barn that had survived a storm, Farmer Burt Quigley slept on the problem, woke up to find the remaining portion had been blown down by a second storm.

Peddle-Pusher. In Montreal, Antonio Labrecque was fined \$10 for unlicensed peddling of signs reading "No Peddlers Allowed."

Still Waters. In Sherwood, Tenn., townsfolk found their drinking water had been given a kick from waste flowing into the reservoir from a nearby moonshining operation.

Fan Tan. In Cajon Pass, Calif., the Oakdale Ranch nudist camp's monthly *Nudeletter* reported that nudist camps were started by a group of sunbathers who, in their search for a perfect tan, were determined to leave no stern untanned.

Lowering the Boom. In Paris, police launched an antinoise campaign with a new regulation for apartment dwellers. "It is forbidden to inconvenience neighbors by excessive noises from phonographs, television sets, radios, firecrackers, fireworks and gunshots."



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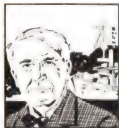
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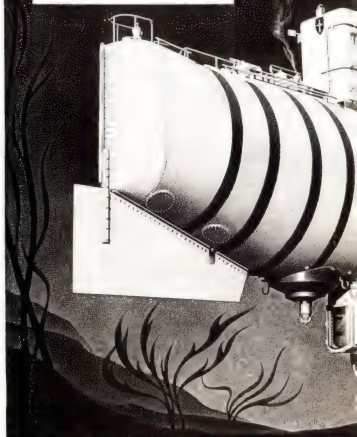
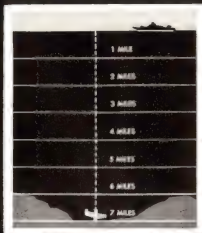
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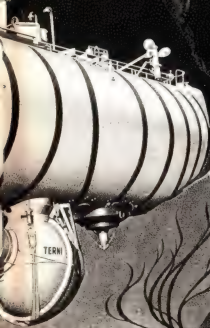


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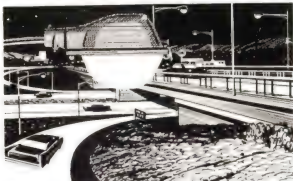
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A Poet to the Swedes

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF SALVATORE QUASIMODO (269 pp.)—Edited and introduced by Allen Mandelbaum—Bantam Scribner & Quigley (\$5)

When Italian Poet Salvatore Quasimodo learned last October that he had won the Nobel Prize for literature, friend-report that "he paled and fell into shocked silence." Given Quasimodo's widely unheralded poetic output, it was a natural reaction. In the U.S. where only a few academic specialists knew more than a



NOBELMAN QUASIMODO
Dynamite was missing.

handful of his poems, the news caused acute embarrassment to cocktail-party literati, who were too stunned to improvise knowledgeable chatter. In Sweden the respected newspaper *Aftonbladet* criticized the Swedish Academy for "rewarding mediocrity," and most Italian critics agreed. One of Quasimodo's detractors spread the story that he had his poetry published in Sweden for years at his own expense.

Because Quasimodo is a longtime fellow traveler, the pro-Communist *Paren Sera* cheered "a just and happy decision."

Poet Quasimodo, 58, does not take it lightly that his countrymen rank him so modestly. A professor of literature (Milan Academy of Music), with children in their 20s and a mistress who is their contemporary, he makes enemies easily and does not easily forget them. Having long since recovered from his first silence about the Nobel Prize, he now sees it as a victory in a battle in which he "fought alone" while "my adversaries, that is, the other candidates, had great forces." In this selection from his work, U.S. readers now have a chance to inspect 100 of the prize-winning poems, in the original and in a

painstaking translation. Most readers will still be left wondering about the Nobel Prize Committee's decision.

That Quasimodo is a poet can hardly be doubted. He can prove it in a three-liner about man's essential loneliness:

*Each alone on the heart of the earth,
imposed upon a ray of sun;
and suddenly it's evening.*

Or again in a touching *Letter to My Mother*, which ends

*... Ah, gentle death,
don't touch the clock in the kitchen that
ticks on the wall.*

*all my childhood has passed on the enamel
of its face, upon those painted flowers;
don't touch the hands, the heart of the
dead.*

*Perhaps someone will answer? O death
of mercy.*

*death of modesty. Farewell, dear one,
farewell, my delectissima mater.*

The question is, does he pack enough poetic dynamite to please the shade of a Nobel? Giving him the highest possible marks and allowing for the poet's most destructive enemy—translation—the answer is still no. Quasimodo does not often descend to the banalities of *To the New Moon*, first published in a Communist paper in celebration of Russia's Sputnik. Mostly he pays in recognizable poet's coin. His world is shrouded in melancholy, in mournful contemplation of man's fate. "Give me sorrow daily bread," and, doubtfully hoping, "perhaps the heart is left us, perhaps the heart..." His native Sicily is never far from his thoughts. "warm with tears and mourning," and he wonders "how much time has fallen with the leaves of the poplars, how much blood into the rivers of the earth."

But even Italian critics have found it hard to excavate his secret meanings, his private emotional code. What is lacking as much as lines of communication is the quality of size, the soaring imagination that transports both poet and reader to places that only insight can discover.

Earth & Air

SAINT-EXUPÉRY (330 pp.)—Marcel Migeo—McGraw-Hill (\$5.95).

For grouchy skeptics who asked whether the machine age had given the human race anything except autos and creeping concrete air conditioning and smog, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry had an impassioned answer. Man's great new gift was the earth, seen from the air. "Saint-Ex" despised the age, but accepted its gift with a mystical joy. He reacted to flight as Coleridge did to opium, with occasional fly calamitous results, and wrote of the air—in *Night Flight*, *Flight to Arras* and *Wind, Sand and Stars*—better than anyone since.

Over the years, he has committed some untalented missions, including Tolstoy, Strindberg, Proust, Valéry, Joyce.

Saint-Ex was born in 1900, and so was too young for combat flying during World War I. It was the only omission of a flamboyant career, and the flyer made up for it by his death in 1944, when, overcome and still from crash wounds, he disappeared over the Mediterranean at the controls of a U.S. reconnaissance plane. The legend he left is a rare compound of literary brilliance and high gallantry; no biographer, including the present one, has been wholly successful in dealing with it.

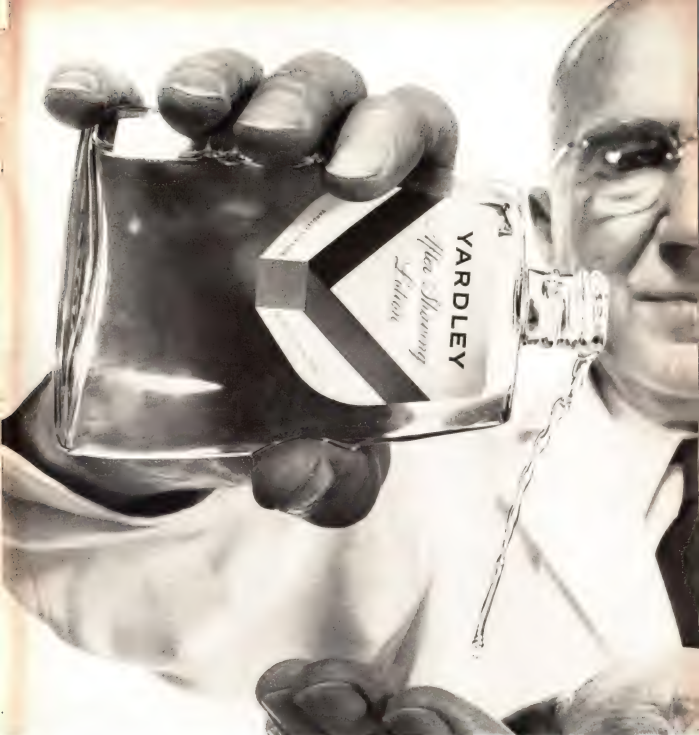
Perilous Release. Author Migeo's reaction to the legend is an irritating grandiloquence and an equally bothersome coyness about his subject's personal life. Saint-Ex's mistress, for instance, is chivalrously called "Madame X," and her long



PILOT SAINT-EXUPÉRY
Flight was like opium.

and intense affair with him is left vague. Still, the biography has its value: the author, a pilot himself, knew Saint-Ex when they were both in flying school. Although, with typical exuberance, he calls his subject "a genius among the great men of his era," he is no hero-worshiper where Saint-Ex's flying is concerned.

The tall, shambling French aristocrat was a good pilot, in Migeo's estimation, but not a great one, despite great skill and daring. Saint-Ex's grievous flaw, one that involved him in a dozen crashes and near-crashes, was his absentmindedness. He flew for release, if not escape, and once released his thoughts did not linger on altimeter or compass. His magnificent *Flight to Arras* is as much a meditation as it is the log of a dangerous reconnaissance mission into German-occupied French territory. With German fighters closing in the aviator mused for paragraphs about the country home in which he spent his boyhood; lying through murderous anti-aircraft fire, he recalls dreamily a childhood game of running through raindrops. Unbelieving readers may take these passages as literary inventions after the fact; Biographer Migeo suggests convincingly



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that they probably occurred to Saint-Ex just as he said they did.

Wild Chances. As a boy in Burgundy, Antoine was a loving, charming bully to his widowed mother and the rest of the Saint-Exupéry children, but only acute hindsight could find anything extraordinary in the child. Even flying did not capture him immediately. He learned to pilot a plane to while away his period of army service, liked it despite a training crash that cracked his skull. For three years after he was demobilized, Saint-Ex clerked for a tile firm.

In 1926, tired of tile and unable to finish a novel, Saint-Ex got the job that shaped his life—piloting for what, in aviation history, is known simply as "The Line." The Latécoère airline (a forerunner of Air France) ran from Toulouse to Dakar and later to Buenos Aires. Much of the route was mountainous and motors were asthmatic; when a connecting rod shattered over the Pyrenees, Saint-Ex wrote, "one would simply throw in one's hand." To the young flyer, the danger seemed glorious. He idolized the old pilots and the tyrannical manager of the line, Didier Daurat, whom he made the model for the hero of his novel *Night Flight*. It was not long before Saint-Ex himself was a legend of The Line: he took wild chances in the air, spent his money even more wildly on the ground. (Once he bought a slave from some Moorish tribesmen and set him free.)

Pointless Gallantry. Saint-Ex never piloted regularly for The Line after *Night Flight* was published in 1931. But a successful literary career was not enough and in the late '30s he made two attempts at long-distance flights. Both voyages ended in crashes, one in Guatemala and the other in the Sahara. Characteristically while waiting to be rescued in the desert he kept himself company with his musings later spun the incident into his delightful children's tale, *The Little Prince*.

After World War II broke out, Saint-Ex flew reconnaissance missions against the advancing German army. As he and the other pilots knew well, the gallantry was pointless: French forces were too disorganized to have any use for photos of racing tank columns. He fled to New York when France surrendered, and in 1943, after two years of trying, he persuaded the U.S. brass to waive the age limit and let him fly with a reconnaissance squadron based in Italy. Biographer Mizeo offers some new evidence to support the theory that he was shot down by a German pilot on his last mission. A pilot's remark, set down in *Wind, Sand and Stars*, makes his epitaph: "It's worth it, it's worth the final smashup."

The Survivor

WIND, SAND AND STARS? (210 pp.)—*Reviewed by* Cooke—McGraw-Hill (\$3.95).

The S.S. *Lulworth Hill*, a freighter bound home for England via Cape Town after delivering a cargo of bombs and aircraft engines to Alexandria, was torpedoed by a German submarine on March

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EX-SEAMAN COOKE

Uncertain in his inner ocean.

to, 1943, off the west coast of central Africa. The ship's first officer and 13 crewmen reached life rafts. Fifty days later, when a British destroyer steamed into view, two men still lived. One survivor died shortly after the rescue. The remaining man, who was the ship's carpenter, tells the story.

Kenneth Cooke, now a Yorkshire gamekeeper, ends his preface with a line that might have been written by Conrad. "And there is no one left now to tell me I have remembered badly." It is the musing of a man who sat helpless while sharks ate the bodies of twelve raftmates and who calculated the dwindling strength of those left alive, as they openly calculated his, in the hope of gaining extra rations. After 17 years, the inexplicable and awesome fact of his survival still obsesses Cooke. No one who reads his book will need to ask why.

After the 14 men reached their raft the first officer calculated the food supply to last for 30 days, decided on the daily ration; each man got one ship's biscuit, one ounce of pemmican, four malted-milk tablets, three squares of chocolate and six ounces of water. What follows is a catalogue of torments. Tongues swelled and turned black. Sea water and the equatorial sun cut running sores. The feet of a wounded man turned gangrenous. By the 10th day, Cooke, who kept the log recorded the first death. The body was rolled into the sea; cannibalism was a temptation.

Now and then a flying fish landed in the raft, and Cooke speared a few other fish with a homemade harpoon. Once it rained briefly, and the men greedily licked moisture from the raft's canvas. Other-

wise there was no relief. More men died. The strongest man on the raft went mad, locked two other men in his arms and jumped to the sharks. Cooke, crazed by the groans of a man whose ribs were broken, kicked the fellow to quiet him.

To the author, the book is a riddle. How was he alone able to survive? He feels that it cannot have been merely that he was 27 and healthy. He writes of the sea with seamanlike skill, but navigates uncertainly in his own inner ocean, talks of an obsessive conviction that the face of a dying raftmate was that of Christ, and believes that the man's prophecy of rescue sustained him. The reader cannot tell whether Cooke's belief came from inspiration or hallucination, or whether this matters. The only conclusion is that some men, for some reason, cling hard to life, and that the sea, as Cooke wrote truthfully, does not care.

Bestseller Revisited

BORN FREE (1970 ed.)—Joy Adamson
—Pantheon (\$4.95)

As Christopher Smart, a mad 18th century English poet, remarked of the cat in the most wonderful poem ever written on that elusive animal, "he is an instrument for the children to learn benevolence upon." In less poetic terms, the cat has the power of teaching manners to men when they are still children and must need the lesson. Unlike the dog ("beloved of hypocrites," as the astute telephilephile Charles Baudelaire, observed), the cat will not tolerate abuse, and thus remains master in its own or anyone else's house.

All this is known by those who keep and are fit to keep cats, but the knowledge has seldom been applied as a policy toward the greatest of cats—the lion. This book was written to prove that the principle—don't hurt cats and they won't hurt you—is sound for lions even in the lion's own domain. Unlike most books about pets, which can only be classed with disposable Kitty Litter, this one is not sentimental. The subject, a female *felis leo sarniensis*, is too big for that. This great creature was the pet and pride of Joy Adamson, a Kenya game warden's wife, and she has communicated the delight and wonder of life with the lioness experienced by herself and her husband George.

Delinquency in Lions. Mrs. Adamson called her prodigious pet Elsa because it reminded her of a friend (not presumably Elsa Maxwell, the social lion tamer) and is quite formidable in her own way—one of those dauntless dames of the British Empire able to treat the fauna of 120,000 square miles of African semidesert with the regal coincidence of a Scarsdale matron putting into place the play patterns of her daughter's age group. Only such a woman would speak of the gruesome noises outside the camp at night as the "chuckles" of a hyena.

Her husband is of the same stern stuff, though in his photographs he deceptively resembles George Bernard Shaw dressed



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for a Fabian summer school. His job in the Northern Frontier Province of Kenya was to enforce a doctrine of *apartheid* between man and beast—to see that men did not kill the animals and, as far as possible, that the animals did not kill the men. Elsa was one of a litter of three cubs orphaned when George Adamson shot their mother. As a result, George felt in honor bound to take the cubs home to Isiolo, Kenya, to join Joy.

At this stage, the book becomes Joy Adamson's treatise on How to Bring Up a Cat, with problems familiar to those who keep one, but lifted to the heroic plane (by the Hegelian principle that quantity turns into quality: if you get enough of something it becomes not just more of the same thing, but something else in itself). A selection of Mrs. Adamson's wisdom includes some notable deductions about cats of all sizes.

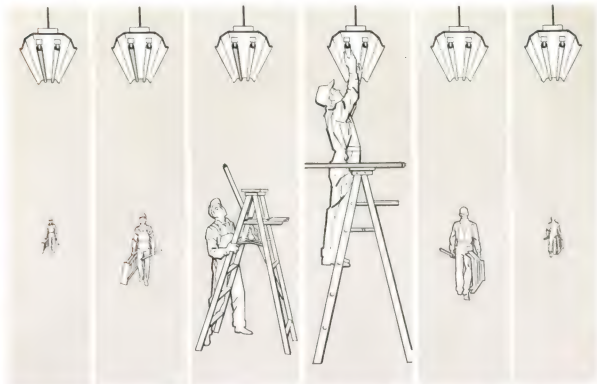
Play the Game. They are hard to wean, as anyone who has fed condensed milk to a lion will know. They are conservative and hate being left alone. They are hard to give away; in the case of Elsa's litter mates, voted into non-pet status at five months, it involved a 180-mile trip by Land-Rover to Nairobi and arrangements with the Rotterdam Zoo. When they want to mate, they don't hang about the house complaining about the heat; they get lost. They are superb athletes when it comes to climbing trees, but are sometimes fools at getting down. They are hard to punish, and do not fully understand the nature of their crimes. "I gave her the beating we thought she deserved," says Author Adamson of Elsa, when her lioness had broken house rules by trying to eat one of George's donkeys. The donkey had been "provocative." Joy explains in truly liberal fashion.

In general, Elsa's appetite raised problems both practical and moral. The Adamsons were obliged to go on safari (the author is genuinely naive enough to explain what the word means, as if Hemingway and Ruark had written in vain) accompanied by a flock of six sheep for Elsa's dietary demands. "Did he who made the Lamb, make thee?" asked Blake, posing the moral dilemma of those who are kind to animals: kindness must be tempered by discrimination.

Author Adamson's book is unique not only for its lion-tamer expertise about getting the jungle cat to adapt itself to human life but for its astonishing account of how Elsa was taught to adjust to the lion group. The Adamsons virtually had to train civilized Elsa to hunt before she could be turned loose in the jungle. Aged 27 months and weighing more than 100 lbs., Elsa had become too much for even the Adamson household. Now, whenever Joy turns up in Elsa's neighborhood, a few friendly rifle shots will bring the great lioness bounding out of the bush, nuzzling her Androclesian foster mother, licking her thumb and purring like a motorboat.

Cat-loving readers will be happy with a publisher's codicil to the book announcing that Elsa is now a mother.

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CINEMA

The Apartment. This funniest Hollywood comedy since *Some Like It Hot* (made by the same duo: Producer-Director Billy Wilder and Writer L.A.L. Diamond) packs a sharp moral without stooping to moralizing, as it traces the rise of an organization man (Jack Lemmon) who turns his Manhattan apartment into a walk-up tourist cabin for his lecherous bosses.

The Savage Eye. Plunging into the garbage-choked stream of neurotic consciousness, the camera eye follows a Los Angeles divorcee's futile quest for love, savagely exposes her mind's myths but forgets to respond to her heart.

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (French). In a film artfully woven of languorous day-dreams and short, jagged episodes of violence and death, a Japanese architect and a French actress find that love can grow from the atomic rubble of Hiroshima.

Flame over India. In an Eastern version of the western, not even hordes of the fiercest Indians (Asian variety) can stop a trainload of assorted adventurers, including Lauren Bacall, from toting a threatened little rajah to safety.

Pollyanna. Walt Disney's best live-action movie sticks to the original lighthearted plot like warm icing to a sugar bun. Intelligently acted by 13-year-old Hayley Mills.

The Battle of the Sexes. Versatile Actor Peter Sellers as James Thurber's dull little clerk who finds unsuspected strength in his filing-cabinet mind when he battles a female efficiency expert.

I'm All Right, Jack. This time Sellers is a union shop steward—a ludicrous but often pathetic petty-bourgeois Marxist—in an uproarious satire of the feather-bedded "farewell state."

TELEVISION

Wed., June 8

Happy (NBC, 9-9:30 p.m.).* Happy is a talking baby, central figure in a new summer fill-in situation comedy series.

Tate (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A new Western series with a Robin Hood hero.

Thurs., June 9

The Untouchables (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Eliot Ness (Robert Stack) goes after hijacking, kidnapping, scene-snatching. Guest Star William Bendix.

Spring Music Festival (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Reorganized under Director Alfredo Antonini, the CBS Symphony Orchestra gives its first concert in ten years. The program features John Browning (piano), Aaron Rosand (violin), John Sebastian (harmonica). A worthwhile series sponsored by Revlon, evidently trying to make up for a TV past that includes the big quizzes and this season's defunct *Big Parry*.

Fri., June 10

Walt Disney Presents (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). *Our Unsung Villains* eulogizes the great beauties of Disneyland—Captain Hook, Br'er Fox, the Big Bad Wolf, the Wicked Queen. With Hans Conried.

* All times E.D.T.

The Sacco-Vanzetti Story (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). The second half of Reginald Rose's two-part play about the famed case concludes with the 1927 execution of the two anarchists.

Sat., June 11

Triple Crown Races (CBS, 4:30-5 p.m.). The third tria is the Belmont Stakes.

John Gunther's High Road (ABC, 8:30-9 p.m.). Frosted Jack goes north of the Arctic Circle, watches an Eskimo infant grow to manhood.

World Wide 60 (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Evaluated: the effect of primary elections on November results.

Sun., June 12

College News Conference (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Guest: Harry Truman.

Frontiers of Faith (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). A discussion of the relationship between Christianity and freedom.

FYI (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). *The Emergent Minorities* tries to decide what role minority groups will take in U.S. politics.

Tues., June 14

How Tall is a Giant? (NBC, 8:30-10 p.m.). A Mexican film (in English) tells the story of the 14 impoverished kids from Monterrey who crossed the Rio Grande to win the Little League Baseball Championship of 1957.

THEATER

On Broadway

Bye Bye Birdie. Shrieking, ranting, rock-'n'-roll teenage-agers turn this musical about an Elvis Presleyish crooner (Dick Gautier), a mamma-tied agent (Dick Van Dyke) and his leggy secretary (Chita Rivera) into an infectiously lively party.

Toys in the Attic. The women in a family discover an unpleasant fact of life in Lillian Hellman's taut drama: when their one man gets rich, he no longer needs their mothering care.

The Tenth Man. Paddy Chayefsky digs deep into Jewish mythology to find a cure for a girl with a very modern malady.

The Miracle Worker. In William Gibson's story of the dark life led by blind little Helen Keller, Patty Duke as Helen and Anne Bancroft as her teacher Annie Sullivan give radiant performances.

Fiorello! Director George Abbott's pace and pep keep New York's razzle dazzle, and the Little Flower too interesting to wilt.

West Side Story. Gang warfare in the slums of Manhattan still moves along in a lively revival, thanks to Shakespeare's inspiration and some remarkably fancy-footed rumbles.

Off Broadway

The Prodigal. A brilliantly modern Orestes.

The Balcony. In Jean Genet's ironic comedy, a house is not only a home but the whole world, and the pleasures bought there are not only of the flesh but of the imagination.

Little Mary Sunshine. A hit musical that parodies the sugary operettas of Friml and Kern.

Ernest in Love. Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* in a tuneful adaptation.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Saviors of God. by Nikos Kazantzakis. This early book of aphorisms shows the intense spiritual longing of modern Greece's most noted writer; for Humanist Kazantzakis, God was, essentially, the search for God.

Three Circles of Light. by Pietro di Donato. A Saroyanesque merry-go-round, spinning to music not always merry, about Italian immigrants in West Hoboken—the scene of the author's famed first novel, *Christ in Concrete*.

Hommage to Clio. by W. H. Auden. At 53, Poet Auden may long ago have said everything he had to say, but his talent remains prodigious, and in this collection of recent poems, his ruminative restatements are often effective.

The Big Ward. by Jacoba van Velde. The Dutch author writes without tricks or sentimentality about an ordinary old woman who accepts death with dignity.

Through Streets Broad and Narrow. by Gabriel Fielding. With torrents of prose, antic characters and more than enough plot, the author follows the hero of two earlier novels (*Brotherly Love*, *In the Time of Greenbloom*) on a calamitous expedition to Ireland.

The Wayward Comrade and the Commissars. by Yuri Olesha. The author later found it advisable to become a docile party-liner, but in the 1920s, when he wrote the short fiction pieces in this paperback collection, he was one of Communism's most caustic satirists.

Venetian Red. by P. M. Pasinetti. A wry, old-fashioned novel of modern Venice, concerned with such formidable matters as love, death, courage and the Fascist corruption of Italy.

Food for Centaurs. by Robert Graves. Besides writing with wit and learning about the centaurs' food (aphrodisiac mushrooms), the author renders highly personal judgments on Judas and Benedict Arnold (no traitors), afterworlds (dull) and Ava Gardner (delightful).

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Advise and Consent**, Drury (1)*
2. **Hawaii**, Michener (2)
3. **The Leopard**, Di Lampedusa (4)
4. **The Constant Image**, Davenport (3)
5. **The Lincoln Lords**, Hawley (5)
6. **Trustee from the Toolroom**, Shute (6)
7. **Ourselves to Know**, O'Hara (7)
8. **A Distant Trumpet**, Horgan (9)
9. **The View from the Fortieth Floor**, White
10. **The Chapman Report**, Wallace

NONFICTION

1. **May This House Be Safe from Tigers**, King (1)
2. **Folk Medicine**, Jarvis (2)
3. **The Enemy Within**, Kennedy (4)
4. **I Kid You Not**, Paar (3)
5. **The Law and the Profits**, Parkinson (5)
6. **Act One**, Hart (7)
7. **Grant Moves South**, Catton (9)
8. **The Night They Burned the Mountain**, Dooley
9. **Born Free**, Adamson (6)
10. **Meyer Berger's New York**, Berger

* Position on last week's list.



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